

THE
ECONOMY OF BEAUTY;
IN A SERIES OF
F A B L E S:

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

What's female Beauty, but an Air divine,
Thro' which *THE MIND*'s all gentle Graces shine?
They, like the Sun, irradiate all between,
The Body charms, BECAUSE THE SOUL IS SEEN.

Dr. Young.

THE SECOND BOOK.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED IN THE YEAR
MDCCLXXVII.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Partiality of the Author's Friends having obtained for this *Essay* a Patronage, to which, in the strongest Paroxysms of poetical Vanity, he could never have aspired; he now appears at the Tribunal of the Public, with all the Diffidence and Embarrassment, which are natural to one, who has raised Expectations, which he is conscious he has not Abilities to gratify. His Desire was to do Good by *Stealth*: But being permitted to prefix *such* a Name to his Dedication, it would have outraged all Decorum to have denied his own to the Title Page.

With Respect to the Execution of the Work—for the original Design needs no Apology—he has two Things to plead in Arrest of Judgement; that it is, in part, a juvenile Performance, begun when the Author was but seventeen Years of Age; and that his unintermitted Application to more serious Studies ever since, which the Nature of his public Employment demands, has left him too little Leisure to bestow that Correction on it, which his riper Judgment might, perhaps, have suggested. This too has occasioned the Delay of the present Publication. But whatever his Apprehensions as a *poetical* Parent may be; as a natural one, he admonishes the *Critics by Profession*, that few Men living have more Reasons than he, for *not being ashamed when they speak with their Enemy in the Gate*. He hath his Quiver full of them. Whether he boasts of these *Arrows in the Hand of the Giant*, to conciliate Candor by inviting Alliance, or diffusing Terror; it is left to their own Sagacity to determine. —
Melius non tangere clamat.

Obliged in point of Gratitude, to return some Answer to the many pleasing Compliments which have been paid him, by such as rose satisfied from the plain but wholesome Repast he had prepared; he finds himself reduced to the old Formulary of rustic Hospitality.

“ Dear Ladies,

I wish it had been better for your Sake——
Such as it is, you are heartily welcome to it.——

and

Much Good may it do you.”

ADVERTISING

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THE
A R G U M E N T.

F A B L E.

THE Soul being properly *informed* in the preceding Series, due Regard is paid in This to Externals,—which begins—where some young Ladies are supposed to finish their Studies—with

THE ART OF DRESSING.

A great Secret in the very Motto. The Necessity and Importance of this Art inferred from the Absurdities consequent on Ignorance of it. A modern *Head* architectonically considered—animated *Caryatides*—our Daughters like the polished Corners of the Temple. The Beauties even of a SEFTON eclipsed by such Enormities.—Mere *Fashion* another *Vanburgh*, in human Architecture—exemplified—a Lady in the true Mansion-House *Tast*, *overcharged* with Ornaments—another in something of the Chinese—not half herself. More Instances of the Absurdities of Fashion—the Court of Alexander—Richard's Lords—modern Optics. A merciless Tyrant—her Laws arbitrary, unreasonable, cruel. *Tast* a gracious Princess, governing by wise, and wholesome Laws, DECENCY her *Magna Charta*. A Receipt to cure a *long Face*—Ditto for a *short* one. The Wardrobe unlocked—Rules for chusing. The *Fair*—the *Brunette*—the *Over-rosy*—the *Pale*, instructed. NEATNESS *all in all*. The Difference between *Fashion* and *Tast* fairly stated—Inference. The Question. A Beau of the last Age—little more than the Tenant of his Wig. History of *another*, or THE MONKEY IN ROBES—makes but an indifferent *Tiger*, and a worse *Lion*—why—General Moral; Dress, however showy and expensive, if unsuitable, always ridiculous.

THE ARGUMENT.

F A B L E II.

A STILL greater Source of Deformity than bad Dressing, and yet very fashionable—SLANDER. Her Birth, Parentage and Exploits—a very *Drawcanfir*, sparing neither Age, Rank, or Sex. Some Account of a great and excellent *Princess*, who was never out of her Reach 'till she went to Heaven. And why. Found to be an incurable Disease—like the Pestilence alarming every Body, however sound and wholesome, but killing only Those that have it. One with the Marks upon her—the Progress of the Plague—brings on universal Ugliness—the natural Consequence. A negative Rule, or what we must *not* do to be amiable. Case in point. The Folly of Censoriousness—Dishonesty—Impudence. The common Excuse—Hope of reforming the World—exploded by the Conduct of three detestable Hypocrites. A fair Warning.

F A B L E III.

ALL Preliminaries thus formally settled, our fair Pupils supposed fit to be married—and directed in the Choice of a Husband—first negatively. A Dialogue between my Lord and his Daughter—Some Observations on her Conduct at *Cornelys's*, with Respect to Sir *Timothy Tinsel*—and a Sketch of his Character. Lady *Sophia's* Defence of herself and him—his Person—Learning—but above all, his incomparable Wit demonstrated. My Lord still has his Objections—and why—Tells a strange old Story, and guards her against a similar Disappointment.

F A B L E IV.

ANOTHER dreadful Source of Misery in the Choice of a Husband. *Chloë* at *Wilton's*—her Taste for Statuary—*Apollo Belvidere*—*Farnese*

Hercules—her Favourite *Adonis*—a mortifying Discovery with Respect to the Head and Heart of the Gentleman aforesaid—Serious Application to a *Rake*. Some Doubts of the infallible Certainty of that great Maxim—"a reformed Rake makes the best Husband." Or if admitted, still more Doubts—whether an habitual Rake ever *was* reformed—Whence they proceed—*Experience* gives in her Verdict—introduces a Fable—shewing that the Promises, Tears, Vows and Oaths of an habitual Debauchee can never be safely relied on. A Piece of Casuistry.

F A B L E V.

INFINITE Reason for Caution therefore—in this most interesting and important Business—the Choice of a Husband—our whole future Lives must take their Color of Happiness or Misery from That. Something worse than Death to a truly modest Woman. Mutual Good-liking not sufficient to direct—a Marriage between the Living and the Dead—many such at the present Day—how to avoid such a one. Genuine Honor—its Effects.—Happiness at Court—How she came there—is ready to follow every other Husband and Wife, even to a Cottage, who submit to be guided by Reason and Virtue. Impossible for a silly or a vicious Man to make a good Husband—Illustrated—Some Rudiments of a new Society for Reformation of Manners. Objection—the young Lady's Question—A Knave's Answer. Cogent Reasons for distrusting a Man, to whom a good Character is given by—himself only. A little Experience, and the general Testimony of the World rather to be depended on. A woful Disappointment arising from a Neglect of this Rule.

F A B L E VI.

TWO OPPOSITE Extremes equally injurious to Matrimony—*Credulity* and *Suspicion*—the former exploded in the two preceding Fables, the Consequences of the latter here insisted on. A *hasty*, not an *early* Marriage condemned. History of a DEMURRER,—would have married *Eugenio* but for a trifling Accident—she was so long making up her Mind, that he—died. Not so cruel afterwards, except to herself—Had an Objection to leading Apes below, and therefore led one here. Dies without Issue. Her last Will and Testament—with a generous Legacy to the Ladies of Great-Britain, by Way of Codicil.

F A B L E VII.

Nor every Man capable of generous, lasting Love—the Author, with trembling Solitude for the Happiness of his Pupils, earnestly recommends Self-knowledge to the Men. His Reasons for it. What Love is *not*—what it is—a necessary ingredient—never found in the Heart of the *sordid*, or the *silly*. Another Ingredient which cannot be possessed by the *proud* and *ignorant*. The Ladies plainly and positively directed in their Choice, with the Wife's *Economy of Beauty*, in a few Words. How to distinguish real *Fitness* in Men, from the Effects of Vanity and Self-conceit—which not only serve to make one half of the Sex presume themselves qualified, but to impose on half the other—till fatal Experience disabuses both—when 'tis too late. The Scheme of a Lottery, which pleased none but—the Wise and the Good—Of another which perfectly satisfied all the Rest of the World.

F A B L E VIII.

HIS Pupils now supposed to be embarked on the Voyage of Matrimony, He proceeds to give a Chart of the Seas—invokes the *Manes* of

THE ARGUMENT.

v

two celebrated Geographers in this Way—and describes a most dreadful Rock, on which Thousands are every Hour making Ship-wreck of their Peace and Happiness—A CIRCULATING LIBRARY! Advice to the female *Quixots*—a Head stuffed with Romances disqualified for every social Office—more especially for the Duties of a Wife. What a man really is—what *her* Conduct ought to be in Consequence. A Case in point—with an Inference applicable to both Sexes.

F A B L E IX.

THE Sacrifice of Reputation—Beauty—Health—Love—Virtue
and Happiness,
at the Shrine
of

PLEASURE:

a Tragedy.

As it is performed every Night of the Week, in the Theatre of

THE GREAT WORLD.

To which is added a *serious Farce*, called

The Wife Metamorphosed,

or

Repentance too late.

The Epilogue—"A Word to the Wife."

F A B L E X.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

The Slattern's Excuse—"no Body but I and my Husband"—exploded for ever. The Difference between a Wife and a Mistress stated—suitable Conduct necessary. *Corinna's* Case—no Economist—a notorious Spendthrift—lavish of Grace every where, but at Home—a Bankrupt.

Bankrupt. A Hint. Report from the Committee of *Ways and Means*.
The Mermaid in Love—her Love-powder—its Ingredients—Operation and Effect—married—The Homily, addressed to every Woman upon the Face of the Earth—namely, all that are married, or intend to be married.

F A B L E XI.

Virtue, Genius and Reputation in Person—their Scheme—Fear of Separation—Plan of a *Hue and Cry* after *Virtue* and *Genius*—none after *Reputation*—and why—Conclusion, never to trust her out of Sight. Their Journal—Ignorance—Disgrace—formally banished from the *Coterie*—an Institution professedly unconnected with either—The Judgment passed on them by the *polite* World, at Tunbridge—Bath—Bristol—Southampton—become Beggars—raised on a sudden to the Pinnacle of Glory and Happiness—Paper of Directions for them pinned on the Bosom of the QUEEN—“*Enquire within.*”

F A B L E XII.

CONCLUSION. The Wife's Conduct in the Absence of her Husband—no Frequenter of public Places—admits but few Visits—those of very particular Friends—laments the Absence of her Husband—her Dirge—a Piece of Criticism on it—a Scene in Virginia—The Critic in Person neglected by *Nature*—is educated by *Envy*—a great Proficient in Ridicule—whom he spares—hates—pleases—to whom served his Apprenticeship—Specimen of his Manner—an humble Remonstrance—Apology—Petition.



T H E
P L A Y E R S.



There is a real Beauty in Attire, that does not depend on the Mode. But *if* Persons of Rank cannot chuse their own Dress, but must run along with the present Fashion;

THE SECRET OF DRESSING GRACEFULLY

must consist in the slender Variations, that cannot be observed to desert the Fashion, and yet approach nigher to the Complexion and Import of the Countenance.

DISCOURSE ON TASTE.

FAB. I.

T H E
P L A Y E R S.

F A B L E I.

SUPPOSE a Painter should design——
If human Art might reach divine——

A *Molyneux*—Mien, Air and Face,
And copy every killing Grace,
And all those *Venuses* of Form, 5
The bright Original that warm;
Should he profane such Charms as These,
To form a *Caryatides*---

V. 3. *Molyneux*.]---Now the right honourable Lady SEFTON.

V. 8. *Caryatides*, or *Cariates*, in Architecture, a Kind of Order of Columns, or Pilasters, under the Figures of Women, dressed in long Robes, serving to support Entablatures. The Greeks having taken the City of *Carya*, led away their Women Captives, and to perpetuate their Servitude, represented them in their Buildings as charged with Burthens, such as those supported by Columns.

See Mr. Bentley's elegant Designs to Gray's Odes.—The Cat drowned in a Vase of Gold and Silver Fish.

B

A

2 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

A Row of Pillars, for Example,
Or polish'd Corner of a Temple—— 10

And doom that sacred Head t'endure
A Load of high Entablature,
Enrich'd with carving, painting, gilding,
In short, convert it to a Building :
Could you, admitted to the Sight, 15
Forbear to ridicule the Fright ?

Would not, ye Fair, your Scorn pursue it,
Tho' *Rubens*, or tho' *Reynolds* drew it?

Th' Employment, and the Mass around,
Must every Touch of Grace confound. 20

Something like This may DRESS effect,
Fashion your only Architect;
She'll load with supplemental Hair,
Till Architrave and Cornice flare,
Order on Order, *à la Grecque*, 25
Like a mere Column, Head and Neck.

When

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 3

When we some *jaghier'd* Dame behold
The Porter of her Gems and Gold,
The moving Jewel-Office straight
Recalls to Mind *Tarpeia's* Fate, 30
Who, by her treacherous Friends supply'd,
Beneath her Finery groan'd and dy'd.

The wide-wing'd Hoop, the cumbrous Sack,
The Wood-propt Leg, the Stay-built Back,
True *Tast* for ever shall despise; 35
They snatch the Woman from our Eyes,
Or make her, dwindling to an Elf,
The smallest Portion of herself.

Nay *Mode* has taught Mankind to prize
Ev'n personal Deformities: 40

V. 30. *Tarpeia.*]—This young Lady was a Vestal Virgin, and so immoderately fond of Finery, that she undertook to deliver the Capitol, of which her Father was Governor, into the Hands of the *Albans*; if they would promise to give her *those charming Ornaments, which they wore on their Left Arms*---meaning their Bracelets. Being admitted, they availed themselves of the Ambiguity of the Expression, and one and all cast their *Shields* upon, and crushed her to Death.

4 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Witness, all lost to Grace and Grandeur,
 The wry-neck'd Court of *Alexander*,
Richard's round-shoulder'd Lords, and now
 The lying *Glass* on every Brow,
 Your fashionable Eye decreeing 45
 Perfect in any thing but——seeing.

Fashion and *Tast* at Variance, say,
 Which Empress shall the Wife obey?
Fashion to all Love's various Tribes
 One universal Law prescribes. 50
 She, Tyrant! dooms the black, the fair,
 The short, the tall, one Garb to wear;
 If to Advantage ten are dress'd,
 She sacrifices all the rest.

V. 46. *An Eye perfect in any thing but—seeing.*] There is nothing too absurd for Fashion, Affectation, and Flattery. When *Denys* (Dionysius) of *Sicily* grew dim-sighted, his Courtiers pretended it was an epidemical Distemper; tumbled over one another, as if they were almost blind, and threw down the Side-board, Dishes, &c. COLLIER.

Behold

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 5

Behold the Nymph by Nature tall, 55
From French Heels tottering to her Fall,
Proclaiming, by a line-strip'd Sack,
A *Patagonian* Length of Back,
Inelegantly straight, supplying
Nor Fall, nor Fold for Love to lie in. 60
Her Face, too short, at either Bound,
By Curls, and Ear-rings, wrought so round,
That Satire, with malicious Grin,
Describes her Person by her *Pin*——
'Twixt her Complexion and her Knot, 65
All Harmony of Tint forgot :——
Why view the Victim with Compassion ?
She's happy, for she's in the Fashion.

With Nature *Tast* consults, and studies
The various Turn and Style of Bodies, 70
Adapts to each a several Manner,
To bring them all to Beauty's Banner ;

Deaf

6 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Deaf to Self-love, unaw'd by Pride,
 'Twixt Grace and Blemish will decide,
 Teach this to heighten, that to hide;
 Revolves Examples, old aud recent, 76
 Regarding all in all the DECENT.

Is *Seraphina's* Face too thin?
 Her Lappets, clos'd beneath her Chin,
 Swell round her Cheek, with graceful Air, 80
 Capacious of her lovely Hair;
 That lovely Hair, which now *descends*,
 Rejoic'd its high-stretch'd Torture ends,
 And o'er her shady Forehead bends
 In native Rings; by this Removal 85
 Her Face reducing to an Oval.

The Line of *Chloe's* Face too near
 Perhaps approaches to a Sphere;
 Touch'd

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 7

Touch'd by the <i>Graces</i> , back retire	}	
The Side-curls; while the Forehead higher		
Its beamy Glories bids aspire :		
The Ruff, or Ribbon's easy Flow		92
Prolongs the <i>dimpled Charm</i> below.		

Rescued from Mode, these Hints suffice	
To caution or reform the Wife.	95
Not that your Bard disdains to sing,	
Where the sweet <i>Roman</i> wav'd his Wing ;	
He prov'd, defying critic Hate,	
All that pertains to Woman, Great—	
Worthy the Muse's hallow'd Fire,	100
And <i>Love</i> and <i>Venus</i> blest his Lyre.	

Of <i>Vests</i> he sung, their Form and Hue,	
And all the various Wardrobe drew,	
Love's Armory ;—then urg'd the Fair	
The <i>certain</i> to select with Care :	105

3	Not
---	-----

8 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Not the rich Gold, or Tyrian Vest,
 Nor Grain in royal Purple drest,
 But what became herself the best ;
 Deciding, deaf to *Fashion's* Call,
 That not convenient all to all. 110
 In *darker* Tints the *snowy* Maid
 Should be, *Briseis*-like, array'd ;
 Black was her Robe when first she stole
 And fir'd to Love Achilles' Soul ;
 The sweet *Brunette* must charm in *Light*, 115
 A mere *Andromeda* in white.

V. 106. *Not the rich Gold, &c.*] Cloaths are not therefore handsome, and becoming, because they are *rich*, nor is the mere wearing of them any ways creditable ; otherwise the *Taylor* and the *Tire-woman* would be the Fountains of Honor. Their whole Merit arises from their being properly suited to the Complexion, Figure, Age, &c. and this is above their Talent. None but Persons of real Sense and Taste can hit this Point, in which the whole Secret of Dress consists. Indeed *they* have great Delicacy and Exactness in their Fancy ; they pitch upon nothing that is taudry and mechanic, staring or ill-matched. One may know a *Gentlewoman* almost as well by seeing her chuse a Mantua, or a Ribbon, as by going to *Garter* or *Clarencieux*. COLLIER.

If

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 9

If Nature, too profuse of Grace,
Her Roses spread o'er Neck and Face,
Be *Red* thy Choice; the Scarlet's Grain
Corrects and softens both amain;
The *pale* for Lelac-purple call,
And Blue's in Harmony with all.
Thus *Ovid*.—NEATNESS follows next,
To Britain's Fair a useless Text.
Your Study That, in every Season, 125
The Life and Soul of all that's pleasing—
With you almost religious Duty:
Such his Economy of Beauty.

V. 103. *Neatness almost religious Duty*.—Cleanliness and Decency of the Body were always allowed to proceed from moral Modesty and Reverence; first, towards God, whose Creatures we are; next, towards Society, wherein we live; and lastly, towards ourselves, whom we ought to reverence still more than others. But *false* Decorations, *Fucus's* and *Pigments* deserve the Imperfections that constantly attend them; being neither exquisite enough to deceive, nor commodious in Application, nor wholesome in their Use. And it is much that this *depraved Custom of painting the Face* should so long escape the penal Laws of Church and State.

LORD BACON.

C

Pro-

10 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

Prometheus-Tast, thus gives her Creatures
 The full Perfection of their Natures. 130
 While *Fashion*, like his Journey-men,
 Turns all to senseless Clay again,
 Burlesquing Man :—all Form distorted,
 Feet, Legs, and Hands and Arms ill-sorted---
 A Nose from A. an Eye from B. 135
 Purloin'd, and both transfer'd to C.
 Nay, a whole Head at once bestow'd
 On Shoulders bending with the Load :
 Creation this?---Mere Member-heaping
 Proportion, Symmetry and Keeping. 140
 No Thought of their's; and yet misdeeming
 The *Things* may pass for Men, and Women.

Read and apply; the Tale's a Gift
 From that immortal Genius---SWIFT.

V. 139. *Swift*]—See the *Intelligencer*, No. 14.

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 11

Each Fair, then, has her Style of Dress, 145
Deserting which she'll please the less ;
But the Reverse of which assum'd,
Because in that another bloom'd,
Defrauded of her native Lustre,
(Like Diamonds in an ill-set Cluster) 150
She shines no more ; or shines neglected,
The Gem o'erlook'd, perhaps suspected.

V. 147. *But the Reverse of which assumed*)—FASHION is the Child of Ignorance and Vanity. The Moment a fine Woman becomes the Talk of the Town, all the Ladies, who are Candidates for Admiration, are resolved to be *like her* ; that is, they implicitly adopt every the minutest Article of her Dress : not considering that what is extremely becoming in one, may be absolute Deformity in another,—least of all, that she is admired for Qualities unattainable by the Majority, and in which the Mysteries of the Toilet have no Concern. Hence the Eye of Taste is every Day disgusted with the Exhibitions of tame, servile Copyists, instead of being delighted with that infinite Variety, which would be the Consequence of every Woman's studying the Style and Import of her own Person ; uninfluenced by any Considerations, but those of general Decorum.

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

12 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Can this admit Deliberation ;
Would you be fair, or in the Fashion?

When some Years since, the Coxcomb Frig 155
Was but the Tenant of his Wig,
Peeping, with Eyes eclips'd, for Day-break,
Like a starv'd Weasel, thro' a Hay-rick,
What Contenance of Muscle could
Exempt from Laughter Flesh and Blood? 160

Some Hero of *gigantic* Stature
With this Incumbrance saddled Nature,
At first I ween, 'twas right in him
To soften a huge *Polypheme* ;
His Wig full drest, we've known the Case--- 165
The sole good Feature in his Face.

But when, at last, the hairy Load
Became the universal Mode,
Was Wisdom's, and was Valor's Covering,
Your only Wear to play the Lover in ; 170

What

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 13

What Wonder, if the Fair, combin'd,
Had shut themselves from all Mankind?
Or come in Crowds, with virtuous Rage,
To his *Sir Fopling* from the Stage,
His own Dimensions, who, forgetting, 175
Beneath a Giant's Geer was sweating.

'T WAS in a Wood, whose Shades confer
A rural Amphitheatre,
The social Brutes, their Stage a Rock,
Assum'd the *Buskin* and the *Soc*, 180
The Green-room *Nature* govern'd, she,
Sole Manager and Patentee,
Cast with such Wisdom every Part,
Each was the *Garrick* of his Art.
The *Lion*, worthiest of the Ring, 185
Who play'd with Dignity a King,

A *Tyger*

14 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

A *Tyger* plots to get dethroned,
And place the Crown upon his own Head---
A dark Conspirator, that mocks
All Rule of Duty ; while the *Fox*, 190
Prime-minister, dispens'd abroad
His promissory Smile and Nod.

A generous *Bull* perform'd the Lover,
His faithful Confident was *Rover*,
A *Heifer* heard his amorous Vow, 200
With all the Prudence of a Cow.

The lower Parts, 'twere vain to draw---
As *Wolves* were Barristers at Law.
Their Clients *Sheep*, or, some say, *Geese*,
But rather bare of Plume and Fleece. 205
The feather'd Minstrels of the Grove
Perform'd the Overture above.

The Play began ; at every Pause,
The pleas'd Spectators roar Applause,
So

So loud you'd think the *Gargan* Wood 210

Rebellow'd to the *Tuscan* Flood.

"Heavens! what a Fuss is here," exclaim'd

An APE, whom Jealousy inflam'd,

"*Their Looks, their Carriage, and their Spirit!*

"No doubt the Creatures have some Merit, 215

"So have their *Dresses*; lend me these,

"You'll see that other Folks may please

"As well as those you fondly doat on."

He cry'd, and flipt the Tyger's Coat on,

Then fabricates a Smile to say, 220

"*Indifferently graceful!—ha?*"

Impetuous Laughter shook the Crowd

At once; and ev'n his Friends allow'd

The *tigrine Mode*, on his assuming,

Not universally becoming. 225

Their Sneers confuse, but not convince;

He seiz'd the Mantle of the *Prince*,

Practis'd

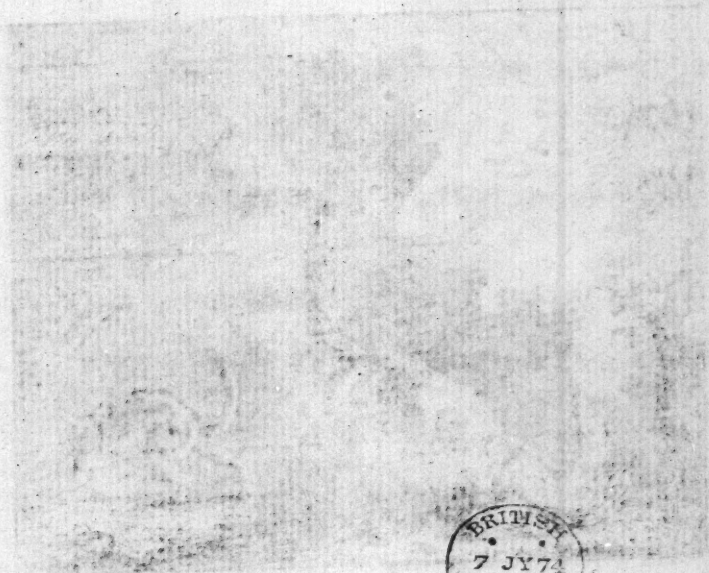
16 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

Practis'd awhile, behind the Scène,
The royal Manner, Gait and Mien,
Took Council of his Heart, and Mirror, 230
Nor mark'd, self-satisfy'd, one Error,
But while in Act the Crown to tie on,
Was conscious he look'd all the Lion.

The Curtain draws ; on each By-stander,
Mistaking Gloominess for Grandeur, 235
A kind of tragic Frown he gleam'd :
'Twas something that so ill-beseem'd,
(Say all the Critics physiognomic)
His Face, insuperably comic,
That Sceptre, Robes, and Crown forgot, 240
They hiss'd his Kingship on the Spot.

T H E

THE
BANK OF AMERICA



T H E
R E F O R M E R S.



She, who malignant tears an absent Friend,
Or, when attack'd by Others, don't defend;
Who trivial Bursts of Laughter strives to raise,
And courts of prating Petulance the Praise;
Of Things *She* never saw, who tells the Tale,
And Friendship's Secrets knows not to conceal,
The *Woman's* vile;—here *Briton* fix your Mark;
Her Soul is black, AS HER COMPLEXION'S DARK.

FRANCIS'S *Hor.*

FAB. II.

T H E
R E F O R M E R S.
F A B L E II.

SLANDER, which all the Wise agree,
Like its Concomitant, Bohea,
Who use it, robs of Health and Rest,
Is still—sad Truth!—the general Taft.

Foul Child of Envy and Ill-Nature, 5
All-practis'd, all-exploded Satire,
With equal Foot still smites the Door
Of Palaces, and where the Poor
Dwell with Content, till she appear,
And force from Innocence a Tear. 10
With *Titan* Fury now she stands
Hurling her sacrilegious Brands
Against the Throne : No Rank exempts,
Age, Sex, or Worth, from her Attempts.

AUGUSTA ! Thou, whose Soul contains 15
Whate'er of Good or Great remains

D

Man's

18 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Man's native Dignity to shew,
To none but Honor's Foes, a Foe,
Thy Virtue's adamant Shield,
Celestial Panoply, repell'd, 20
But not exempted from, her Rage,
Thy Life, a Satire on the Age.

Back on themselves rebounds the Dart,
And rankles in their fever'd Heart.
As Bats, and Owls, obscene, detest 25
The Sun, in golden Radianc dress;
So Knaves and Fools indignant view
Faith, Friendship, Piety, and You.

This Gangrene of the Soul, whose Air
Breathes Pestilence, is fatal there, 30
Beyond the Moral Leach's Skill,
Where grows th' immedicable Ill.

In Wisdom's Eye, when *Lesbia* rails
Or, with malignant Grief, bewails

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 19

A Sister's Error, while she speaks, 35
 Grace dies upon her own warm Cheeks ;
 A livid Paleness seems to spread
 O'er the ripe Fruitage, glowing-red,
 Of Beauty's Lip ; the Dimple deep,
 Where all the Loves their Revels keep, 40
 Hardens to Frowns, or Wrinkles dire,
 Chilling in every Breast Desire :
 The untun'd Voice harsh, the Ear pains,
Deformity with *Discord* reigns.
 Hence tedious *Celebacy* waits 45
 (The Doom denounc'd by angry Fates)
 On Those, whose busy Tongues reveal
 What female Candor should conceal.

V. 36. *Grace dies*—] He that speaketh Evil of any one
 maketh himself look ugly. QUINTILIAN.

V. 39. *Beauty's Lip*—] 'Tis an Observation of the highest
 Authority, That every Man will kiss those Lips which give a *right*
 Answer ; but surely no one will desire to kiss those Lips, which
 are embittered with Reproach, or defiled by dirty and *ensorious*
 Language. BARROW.

20 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Founded on Truth's eternal Base,
 This Maxim may preserve your Face : 50
 " Where Envy, Pride and Malice swell,
 There Beauty never deigns to dwell."

In *Pandæmonium* thus the Race
 Angelic, studious to debase
 Heaven's younger Sons, in Serpent's hiss, 55
 Amerc'd of Beauty and of Bliss :

V. 51. *Where Envy, &c.*—] Of all the Appearances, methinks
 a *Smile* is the most extraordinary. It plays with a surprising
 Agreeableness in the Eye, breaks out with the brightest Distinction,
 and sits like a *Glory* in the Countenance. What a natural Encourage-
 ment to Good-Humour ! As much as to say, IF PEOPLE HAVE
 A MIND TO BE HANDSOME, THEY MUST NOT BE PEEVISH, UNTOWARD,
 AND CENSORIOUS. Discourse on the Aspect.

V. 53. *Pandæmonium*—] See *Milton's Paradise Lost*, Book X.
 down they fell,
 And the dire His renew'd, and the *dire Form*
 Catch'd by Contagion, like in Punishment,
 As in their Crime. Thus was th' Applause they meant,
 Turn'd to exploding His, Triumph to Shame
 Cast on themselves from their *own Mouths*.

Who

Who would indulge that potent Evil,
Which chang'd a Seraph to a Devil ?

Admit that *Cblœ* was to blame ;---

Shall I be first to blast her Fame ?

60

Have I no Faults Myself ?—I'd ask

My Heart,—a necessary Task !

Impartial Search---ere I presume

The Cenfor's sacred Chair assume :---

No Blemish that I'd wish to save

65

From Envy's jaundic'd Eye ?——I have.

Shall I then judge ?---'Twere want of Sense,---

Injustice,---nay, 'tis Impudence !

V. 67. *Shall I then judge ?—*] The Scope of the Poem is to impress on our amiable Country-women an habitual Conviction of these great and interesting Truths : 1. That a Disposition to Censoriousness is necessarily destructive of personal Beauty. 2: That it is almost an infallible Evidence of Demerit in those, who indulge it. —Exemplified by the Fable—Persons of exalted Virtue, and unblemished Reputation are never forward to suspect those of others. Hence that celebrated Saying of the Ancients : Calumny killeth Three—Him, of whom it is spoken—Him, to whom it is spoken —and *Him, who speaketh it*. The Harangues of the Slanderer prove one Thing at least—that he himself is envious, proud and foolish.

PHILOGUNE.

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one,

85

“ Cry’d

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 23

"Cry'd *Prue*, demure," and now you see,
"The Reason,---the Necessity : 90

"Did but the least Remains, my Dear,
"Of such a Passion harbour here,
"Myself,---my Life I should detest."
She said,---and smote her hollow Breast.

A thoughtless Cock, wak'd by the Sound, 95
That Instant lighted on the Ground ;
"Wretch," cry'd the Saint, "predestinate,
"By everlasting Laws of Fate,
"T' incur my Wrath, nor be forgiven ;
"Obey, as I, the Will of Heaven." 100

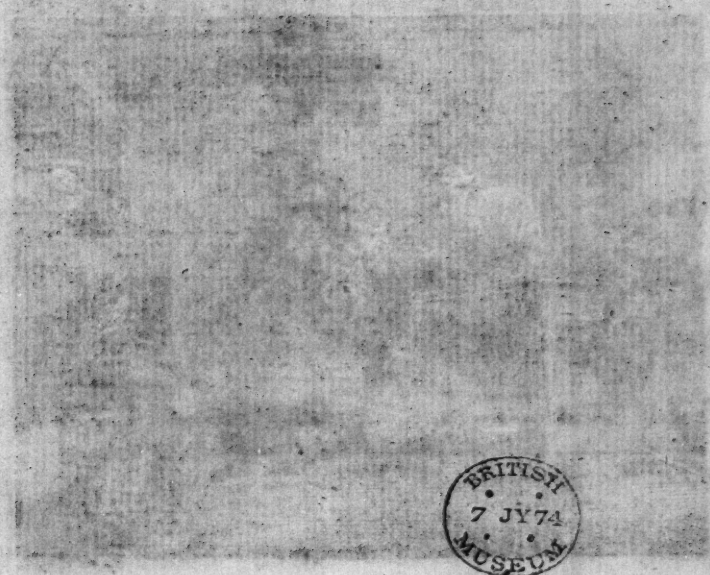
She said and eat.---The virtuous Cat
Turn'd from the Sight :---when lo ! a Rat,
In prime of Youth pass'd by :---*What means*
This Tumult in a Vestal's Veins ?"
She cry'd, and grasp'd the trembling Creature, 105
Obedient to the Laws of Nature.

“Heaven’s!” quoth a SPIDER Dame, who stood
 Quaffing a Fly’s delicious Blood,
 Just o’er their Heads:---“And are there Brutes
 “So void of those sweet Attributes, 110
 “Compassion, Mercy,——all that decks
 “With genuine Grace our softer Sex!
 “Well, thank my Stars, my Soul is free
 “From every Shade of Cruelty.
 “This Deed, with Stygian Horror black, 115
 “Will fright my vile Hyfterics back.——
 “Aim, Satire, aim at such thy Shaft!”
 She said, and took her Morning Draft.

One Moral from the Tale must come;——
 The Censurer’s Eye should look at Home, 120
 Weed o’er and o’er the Mental Garden,
 And pity Those, she cannot pardon;
 Or know, henceforth no Art shall hide her
 Resemblance to---CAT---FOX---and SPIDER.

T H E

THE
CHOICE OF THE PARROT



Sometimes a lucky chance, or a fortunate reply, has produced an
Edward of W., to whom a certain degree of very high, and no very
common, to which I have in my hand, a little of which
this I like to mention, have in the end, let me say, to the
first thing, it is a very small, and I am sure, to be
the same, and I am sure, that the same, being no more
of any thing.

Yours

T H E
C H O I C E . O F T H E P A R R O T .



Sometimes a lucky Saying, or a pertinent Reply, has procured an Esteem of *Wit*, to Persons otherwise very shallow, and no ways accustomed to utter such Things, by any standing Ability of Mind. So that if such an one should have the Ill-hap, at any Time, to *kill* with a smart Saying; it ought, in all Reason and Conscience, to be judged but *Chance-Medley*: the poor Man (God knows) being no ways guilty of any Design.

SOUTH.

FAB. III.

THE
CHOICE OF THE PARROT.

F A B L E III.

DEAR *Sophy*,—one Day thus began my Lord,
serious,
Your Conduct of late has been something mysterious;
With *Sir Timothy Tinsel* to dance the whole Season,
Gave the Censors Alarm;—I profess, Child, with Reason:
That he's mighty particular with you, they tell us, has,
In other Respects, been observed at *Cornelys's*.
Now, pry'thee declare by what Charm, or Invention,
A Wretch so absurd should engage your Attention?
To doat on a Fopling what Arts can have sunk ye?—
He bows, smiles and dances;—Why, so does your Monkey.
Nought but Envy, Papa, would attempt to evince Ill
Of that worthiest of Creatures, *Sir Timothy Tinsel*,
(The Daughter reply'd, and blush'd Indignation,
Too plain to elude my Lord's Penetration)

E

His

His personal Merit the World must acknowledge ; 15
 And because the dear Fellow ne'er study'd at College,
 Does that prove to one of your Lordship's discerning,
 That the Baronet's void of all Sense, Wit, and Learning?
 The Suspicion, I'm certain, had stood upon no Foot,
 Had you heard what he said to the Dowager *Crowfoot* : 20
 He came in a pink Suit of silver Embroid'ry,
 She mutter'd out something of foppish and tawdry :
 My Lady, says he,---it was at the *Ridotto*,
Biddy Languisher wish'd it the Slanderer's Motto,
 Your La'ship he cry'd :---I shall do it Injustice ; 25
 'Twas an Answer, in short, like the Bed of *Procrustes*,

V. 26. *Procrustes*.—] This Gentleman was a *Buck* or *Blood* of *Attica*, much celebrated in ancient Days for the Peculiarity of his Amusements. He used to seize upon poor Travellers, and compel them to measure themselves on a certain Bed, which he kept in his Den; where, if they were too short, he diverted himself, by stretching them out to the exact Length, and if too long, by chopping them off. He was at last killed in one of his Frolicks by *Thesens*, to the great Discouragement of *practical Wit*; his Followers at the present Day being obliged to content themselves with breaking Lamps and Windows, knocking down a few old Watchmen, and terrifying Women with Child. History has recorded.

Every Sat'rist will fit, and will torture for ever;
An *Iliad* of all that is poignant and clever!

And would my dear *Sophy*, the Father rejoin'd,
On the Credit of one Reply make up her Mind?— 30
To a mere *Mr. Single-Speech* offer her Heart,
To have and to hold it, till Death us do part?—

To chuse him Companion for Life there is small Room,
Because a Beau once made you laugh in a Ball-Room.

Force and violent Measures, you know, I abhor all--- 35
But hear a Short Story, and find out the Moral.

ON the first Day of April, his Wife being buried,
An old Country Squire to Westminster hurried,
Of the *Rational Parrot* the Fame having heard of,
And Him, or his Kindred, would purchase, a Bird of:--40

recorded but one more Genius of equal Spirit:—Being told by a Vintner,
that the Waiter, whom he had just thrown out of Window, was killed
on the Spot—he coolly answered, why then charge him in the Bill.
N. B. Common Thieves, Highwaymen, House-breakers and Mur-
derers can hardly be reckoned of this Society, because *they* are generally
mischievous from Want and Necessity; whereas the *Blood* or *Procrustean*
breaks the Peace, the Head, or, upon Occasion, the Heart of a Fellow-
Creature, merely from *Exuberance of Vivacity*.

Most wisely concluding, his Prattle so merry
 Would answer the Place of his now silent Deary.
 Well!--he hastes to the Shop, there hears the Relation
 Of their Character, Parentage, Birth, Education.
 One Parrot, the Moment the Squire stood next to him, 45
 Profess'd himself happy to pay his Respects to him ;
 This sold him a Bargain :—a Bird of great Levity ;—
 That ask'd What's a Clock, with an Alderman's Gravity :
 One the Place of King's Trumpeter, challeng'd most clear,
 Then swore, like a Trooper, he would be Lord Mayor. 50
 This *Liberty* ! bellow'd---That *Grievances* ! whined,
 And seem'd like a Monster to speak from *behind* ;
 You'd swear it, so filthy and false was his Song,
 He'd liv'd upon *News-Papers* all his Life long.
 This jabber'd, and slabber'd, and drivel'd his Gills on, 55
 And growl'd like a *Wolfkin*, and howl'd like a *W*—.

V. 56. *Growl'd like a Wolfkin, and howl'd like a W*—]. This latter is an Animal, *sui Generis*, and would long ago have been shut up with the other wild Beasts in the Tower, but that, having no Teeth to bite, the utmost Effort of his Malice amounts only to howling, mumbling, and scratching—serving only to make Fools merry, and wise Men sad.

BRITISH ZOOLOGY.

He

He thought---each by Rote could so blast and defame---
 That *Patriot* and *Parrot* were one and the same.
 Unable the Merit of each to discuss,
 He was lost which to fix on for better for worse. 60

While thus in the Task of Selection distracted,
 One Bird o'er the Rest all his Notice attracted.

With the Airs of a Beau,
 He sail'd to and fro',
 His Eyes,---What Cupids in them lie! 65

He wore on his Head

A Feather of Red,---

The *Nass* of the whole gay Assembly.

Thou Minion of *Iris*!---for sure thou art her Son,---
 If the Charms of thy Mind equall'd those of thy Person; 70
 Of all I have yet seen, how far beyond any One,
 Would I chuse thee, says he, for my Friend and Companion!
 But tho' thy mild Carriage has set me agog,
 Thou hast not one Word now to throw at a Dog.

"I THINK, SIR, THE MORE," cry'd the Bird, in a trice:---75
 Enough This.---In Raptures he paid down the Price :
 The Sum, tho' enormous, pray, who would not give
 For a Wit's Conversation, as long as we live?

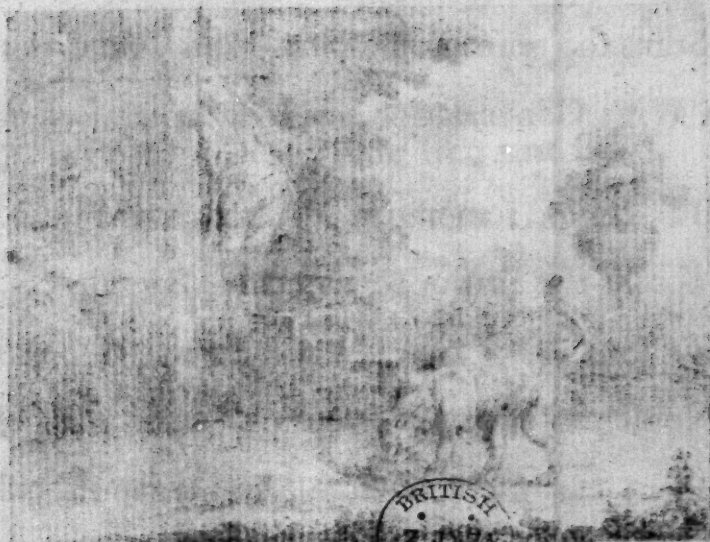
BUT, *Sophy*, remember, ere homeward he'd far gone,
 How forely the Squire repented his Bargain : 80
 Not a Word *à-propos* could he get from him after,
 But Nonsense too stupid,---too low e'en for Laughter ;
 Or fullen, and silent, whole Months would he sit,
 Tho' professedly bought for Good-Nature, and Wit.
 Out of Patience, at length, he thus spoke to the Elf:---85

"Dire Plagues on the Blockhead!---Worse Plagues on

"Myself!

"Who, without due Experience, for one Word in Season,

"Could chuse thee for Life, as a Creature of Reason!"



THE
C A T.



As Virtue never will be moved,
Tho' Vileness court her in a Shape from Heaven;
So *Lust*, tho' to a radiant Angel link'd,
Will seat itself in a celestial Bed,
And prey on Garbage.
My Tables!—meet it is I set it down;
A Man may smile, and smile, and be a Villain.

SHAKESPEARE.

FAB. IV.

T H E

C A T.

F A B L E. IV.

CHLOE, 'tis said, you frequent stand,
 Where *Wilton's* promethéan Hand
 Marshals his mimic Men ; and view,
 With Wonder, and with Pleasure new,
 The false Creation, so much like the true
 This Basis, which you most revere,
 Boasts an *Apollo Belvidere* ;
 With down-cast Head, that Form so striking,
 The *Farnese Hercules*, by *Glycon* ;
 Its Contrast, on the neighb'ring Stone, is 10
 Love's Favourite, and your's, *Adonis*.
 Yes, in your Choice your Taft is shewn,---
 Man's softer Graces all his own.

But, Madam, could it e'er be guefs'd,
 That Form, which Harmony has dress'd, 15
 Should

Should hide—the Omen Heaven avert !
A Brain of *Lead*, and Heart of *Dirt* ?

Such, *Chlœ*, is the Wretch you prize,
And hope to render good and wise—
A RAKE-PROFEST—his Shape and Air,
'Tis true, were Nature's fondest Care ;

V. 20. *A Rake profest*—] With the Ladies it is a Kind of general Maxim, that the *best Husband is a reformed RAKE*. The Belief of it is an incontestable Proof, that with the true Character of a *Rake* they are unacquainted. “ They have indeed heard of a “ *wild young Gentleman, who would rake about the Town, and “ take up his Lodging at a Bagnio; who had told many a Girl a “ pretty Story, that was Fool enough to believe him; and had a “ Right to many a Child that did not call him Father: but that in “ some of these Frolicks he thought no Harm, and for others he had “ sufficiently suffered.*—These are Words of dreadful Import and should be always thus understood ;—

“ To rake about Town, and lodge at a Bagnio, is to associate
“ with the vilest and most abandoned of human Beings; it is to
“ become familiar with Blasphemy and Lewdness, and frequently
“ to sport with the most deplorable Misery; to tell pretty Stories
“ to credulous Girls, is to deceive the Simplicity of Innocence by
“ Cunning and Falshood: to be the Father of a nameless Progeny,
“ is to desert those, whose Tears only can implore the Protection, to
“ which of all others they have the strongest and the tenderest Claim;
“ it is more than to be a Man without Affection, it is to be a Brute
“ without

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 33

But Sense and Virtue, both deny'd,
Can never, never be supply'd
By human Art.---In Honor's School,
He stands impracticably dull, 25
Cold, heavy, hopeless, like the Other,
And venal as his leaden Brother.

Daughters of Britain ! all attend
The Caution of a faithful Friend ;
From this, the *Woman's* saving Creed, 30
Be never tempted to recede :

“ Whoe'er with cool, deliberate Art,

“ Once lures a Sister to desert

“ The peaceful Paths of Innocence,

“ Is lost to Honor, Virtue, Sense ; 35

“ Irrevocably lost !”——

“ without Instinct. To think no harm in some of these Frolicks,
“ *is to have worn out all Sensibility of the Difference between Right and*
“ *Wrong ; and to have suffered for others, is to have a Body*
“ *contaminated with Diseases, which in some Degree are certainly*
“ transmitted to Posterity.”

DR. HAWKESWORTH.

F

What

34 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

What Charms, what Medecine may controul
His loathsome Leprosy of Soul?
The Evil, rooted in the Bone,
Is cur'd, if cur'd, by Miracle alone. 40

Experience, hoary-headed Dame,
Regards their Task as much the same,
Who strive to blanch an *Ethiop's* Hide,
Or speak to Rest the tumbling Tide
Of dashing Cataracts, or bind 45
With Terms of Peace the maddening Wind;
And who to purge, with Precept, try
Inveterate Impurity.
No HERCULES in Virtue able,
To cleanse the Mind's *Augéan* Stable, 50
The *Beast*, once batten'd there, his Scent
Will poison all the Tenement;
While o'er the deep---admitted Stain,
A whole *Alphéus* rolls in vain.

Should

The ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY. 35

Should you, all credulous, impart 55
That Pearl of mighty Price, your Heart;
Unconscious of its Worth, he soon,
Perhaps ere wanes the Honey-Moon,
The rifled Casket spurns to Dust,
And proves a *B-lt-m-re* of Lust. 60

You think the Wretch has Wit and Sense—
’Twill only teach him to dispense
With all his Oaths to you, and keep
His Conscience, not his Vice asleep.

A CAT, with sensual Passion fir’d, 65
His Master’s *Nightingale* admir’d,
He ever, near her wiry Casement,
Grown meek and gentle to Amazement,
His Station, like a Swain in Vogue, held;
There ogling purr’d, and---purring ogled. 70

Betty, one fatal Night, forgot
The Portal of her Cage to shut;

36 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

He saw---her Guardian's Eyes were clos'd,
And scarce one Obstacle oppos'd.
" Life of my Soul!--Oh ! seize, he cries, 75
" Th' Occasion pitying *Love* supplies ;
" Now, Charmer ! from thy Jail descend ;
" Now free thyself, and bless thy Friend :
" The Tyrant sleeps ;--This Moment fly
" To me,—to Love,—to Liberty." 80

She paus'd ;—" He was sincere, she hop'd :"—
In short, poor *Philomel* elop'd.
But (hear and tremble !) scarce the Ground
Received her, ere the Victim found,
Imprudence to Destruction draws, 85
And Cats are Brutes with Teeth and Claws.

Reynolds ! thy Pencil let me borrow,
To paint the Master's Rage and Sorrow.—
" Perfidious, most ungrateful Fiend !
" Admitted as my Bosom-friend, 90
" Couldst

" Couldst thou destroy my little Charmer ?

" Perdition on the Wretch could harm her !

" My Hospitality abus'd,

" And to so base a Purpose us'd,

" Death, instant Death awaits thee."---Here 95

The Hypocrite shed many a Tear,

Pleaded the Force of youthful Passion,

But vow'd a thorough Reformation :—

If ere he touch'd another *Bird*

Wish'd he might starve, hang, drown, unheard. 100

By looks of Sorrow, specious wording,

He scap'd :—But once inur'd to *Birding*,

Quickly relaps'd our Felon-Cat,

And next seduc'd a simple *Bat*.

His Oaths star'd sternly in his Face,

105

And thus he shew'd the Marks of Grace ;

" Child, as a *Bird*, you're safe for me,

" But with a *MOUSE* I must be free."

The

The Quibble satisfy'd our Bruin,

And the poor Bat met instant Ruin.

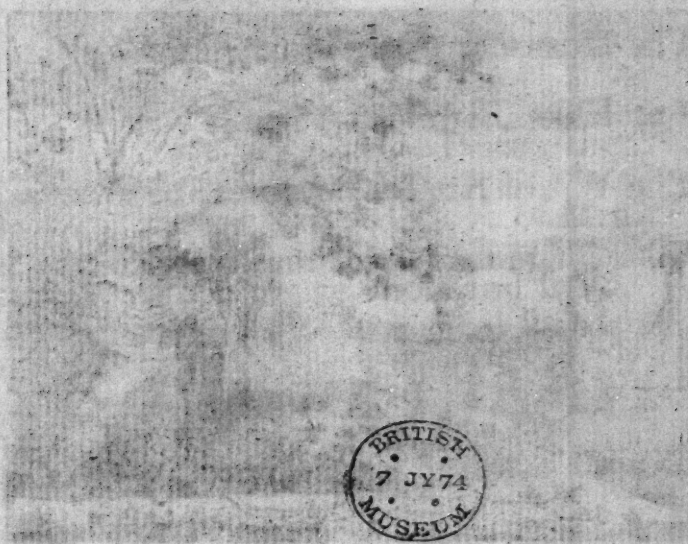
The Heart corrupted once, the Head

Too seldom stands in Virtue's Stead;

The Wit of Knaves but serves to prove

All Things are lawful that they love.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



T H E
GARDENER AND THE BRAMBLE.



PROMISING is the very Air of the Time ; it opens the Eyes of Expectation. *Performance* is ever the duller for his Act, and, but in the plainer, and simpler Kind of People, *the Deed is quite out of Use*. To promise is most courtly and fashionable.

SHAKESPEARE.

FAB. V.

T H E
GARDENER and the BRAMBLE.

F A B L E V.

WELL, we admit---the Person then
Affords no Rule to judge of Men;
A Swain may dress, dance, bow and smile,
And yet be worthless all the while.

A Woman, who becomes a Wife, 5
Elects a Partner for her Life;
Imprudence here, nor future Care,
Nor sad Repentance can repair;
Her Die is thrown :---There's no Resource,
But Death, or worse than Death, Divorce. 10

To marry !---'Tis a mighty Task,
Does every Care and Caution ask,

Experience,

40 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Experience, slow and sure, t' impart
Some Knowledge of the human Heart,
Left, when blind Passion chiefly rules, 15
You fix on Cowards, Knaves and Fools.

A Tyrant, studious to invent
Some dire, unheard of Punishment,
Did, to his Mind, at length, contrive One;—
Bound a dead Body to a live One,—— 20
Proclaim'd no Hand should dare dis sever
The Culprit and his Corpse, for ever.
By Marriage thus a virtuous Mind
To any Slave of Vice conjoin'd,
Like him, *Corruption's* doom'd to bear, 25
Nor feels a Burthen less severe;—
At Home,---abroad,---at Board and Bed,
Lives, and converses with the *Dead*!

V. 17. *A Tyrant*—] *Mezentius*.

Nor

The ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY. 41

Nor Death to Life more opposite,
Than Vice to Virtue, Wrong to Right. 30

From such preposterous Union spring
Pain, Sorrow, Hatred,—every Thing

But Happiness; the Lot of Those
Who seek their Lilly and their Rose,

In *Soul*, and not in Face alone, 35
And fix where Honor builds her Throne,

Honor, the Child of Virtue, brings
Content from Cottages to Kings.

And Hand in Hand they walk, to give

Those Joys, that make it Life to live; 40

The Brow serene, no Art can forge,

And dwell with CHARLOTTE and with GEORGE.

Hence mutual Worth and Sense, we own,

Give nuptial Happiness alone.

G

'Twixt

'Twixt Fool and Fool, 'twixt Vice and Vice 45

Eternal Discord must arise;

But Truth and Truth forever run

In necessary Unison,

The corresponding Minds combine

To form a Harmony divine. 50

Sappho, pray, listen to your Spinnet,

You'll hear spontaneous Music in it,

Whene'er you raise the Vocal Lay,

Untouch'd tho' every Chord and Key,

You joy,---it joys,---you mourn,---it mourns; 55

And faithful Note for Note returns:

Such Symphony be sure to find,

When Virtue-tun'd, in every Mind.

"But Man's corrupt throughout the Nation."

'Tis yours to look a Reformation. 60

Did every Coxcomb meet from you,

The Frown to Folly justly due;

Your

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 43

Your Favors would you think a Trust
Repos'd to bless the Wife and Just :
On Such were all your Smiles bestow'd, 65
'Twould grow the Fashion to be good.
Love then, a Supplement to Law,
Might keep the general World in Awe ;
Your Hate condemn, your Anger scourge,
'Till every CHARLOTTE found a GEORGE. 70

Well ! your Philosophy is pleasant,—
May do in Time :---But for the present,
Say, whither shall a Virgin wander ?
“ To me,” exclaims the smooth *Philander*.
“ One honest Heart, forever true 75
“ To Beauty, Virtue, and to you,
“ Acceptance claims ;---it has been try'd,
“ In Love's fierce Furnace purify'd :—
“ Proves Standard Gold without Alloy ;
“ Take, and be rich in nuptial Joy.” 80

44 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Nay, softly, generous Sir !---And pray
Where, when was made this same Assay ?
Produce your Witnesses ; does Fame
Allow this Merit that you claim ?
'Twere easy, sure, to have it shewn 85
By other Tongues beside your own.
Great Worth, by Modesty attended,
Is seldom by itself commended.
In Wisdom's Eye your Praise may hurt you,
For Vanity's no Kin to Virtue. 90

AURORA just began to spread
O'er Nature's Face a lovely Red,
With dewy Diamonds was adorning
The laughing Fields ; in short, 'twas Morning.
The GARDENER sought his favorite Haunts, 95
To hold sweet Converse with the Plants ;

Scarce

Scarce had he turn'd the Garden-Wicket,
Before a BRAMBLE in a Thicket,
His kind Attention beg'd to steal
A Moment from the Public Weal. 100

A Bramble speak !---A Critic crys ;
Absurd Impossibilities !
Yes, Sir, it surely might in Fable ;
'Tis prov'd that Plants are *irritable*——
The fam'd Philosopher *Hilleus* 105
Himself discover'd in—*Linnaeus*,
They've Sexes, eat, drink, sleep, like you ;
They love,—they hate ;—nay, marry too :
The *Cryptogamous*, if you please,
Deal in *clandestine* Marriages : 110

V. 109. *Cryptogamia*—] Hidden Marriages, the twenty-fourth Class of the *Linnaean* System of Botany. It consists of such Plants as conceal their Fructification, having their Flowers either *within* the Fruit, or so small as not to be perceptible to the naked Eye.

High

46 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

High Proofs of Reason, as you trace,
 In many of the human Race :
 And Man degenerate to a Stalk,
 Why not allow a Tree to talk ?
 Should you Authorities demand, 115
 Enough are ready to my Hand ;
 In the Greek Epigram, of Old,
 A *Vine* appears a downright Scold :
 Another Book would make it clear——
 Too sacred to be mention'd here. 120

V. 114. *Why not allow a Tree to talk ?—*] See the Prologue to the first Book of *Phædrus's* Fables.

V. 117. *In the Greek Epigram—*] The Vine to the Goat. In this Epigram, the Vine threatens the Goat, that altho' he should brouse him down to the very Roots, he will yet, in spite of his Teeth, bring forth Fruit enough to be poured upon the Goat when he comes to be sacrificed.

V. 119. *Another Book—*] See the ix Chap. of Judges, 8 Verse. This is perhaps one of the most ancient Fables in the World. And we have the Authority of the sacred Volume for introducing the *Bramble* as an Emblem of Vanity and Self-conceit. Verse 15,

Sir,—Now proceeds our Plant, with Spirit,—
Do Justice to a Tree of Merit;—
The *Brambles* never were intended
Merely to keep your Hedges mended,
Or stand, like Porters, at your Door, 125
Expos'd to all the Winds that roar.
No, Sir, about the Reign of *Brute*,
Our Family held high Repute,
And search some Ages longer past,
You'll find us all the public Taft. 130
“ My Great-great-Grandfire, of Renown,
“ Was nominated to the Crown.
“ No Plant boasts better Blood than We,
“ In all the Realms of *Botany*.
“ But boasting hurts me to the Root:— 135
“ Sir, do you value Form or Fruit ?
“ Observe these gently-bending Arms,
“ The Line of Beauty must have Charms:

N. 132. *Nominated to the Crown—*] See Judges as above:

“ I

48 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

" I need but hint these Things to you,

" Whose Judgement's so correctly true. 140

" This variegated Leaf behold,

" Distinct with vegetable Gold,

" Its Colour, justly to determine,

" Is Velvet green, lin'd thro' with Ermine.

" Consider what I've briefly said, 145

" And take, oh ! take me to your *Bed* :

" Once planted there, your Walls include

" A Miracle of Gratitude ;

" My Fruit is Nectar ;---And for Flowers---

" Lord, what a Thing's a Rose to Ours !"--- 150

" Thou Tree of sovran Virtue ! pardon

" This late Admission to my Garden,"

Cry'd simple John, and plac'd her there,

Exhausting all his Skill and Care.

Vow'd that he ne'er had heard her Worth :--- 155

The World was envious, and so forth.---

Blam'd

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 49

Blam'd his own Negligence; but now
He'd hang his Heart upon her Bough.
The dappled Morn, the Twilight grey,
And all the intermediate Day, 160
Attempering Heat, Cold, Damp and Driness,
He'd watch and wait upon her *Highbness*.

He did;---and now, astonish'd, mourns,
To find his Garden fill'd with *Thorns*;---
The Leaf of Velvet and of Ermine, 165

Proves a mere Harbour for the Vermin;
Her beauty-bending Arms but stretch
To poison all within her Reach;
Her Flower a Weed;—and to conclude
Her nectar'd fruit, vile, coarse, and crude. 170
And how to root her out again—
Aye, there's the Labour, and the Pain!

What are his Profits?—This alone,
One Rule Experience made his own;

H

Never

59 *The* **ECONOMY of BEAUTY.**

Never to trust *Self-praise* again, 175

Whoe'er the Speakers, Plants, or Men.

Ere on his Heart they shall entrench,

Resolves to know them Root and Branch.

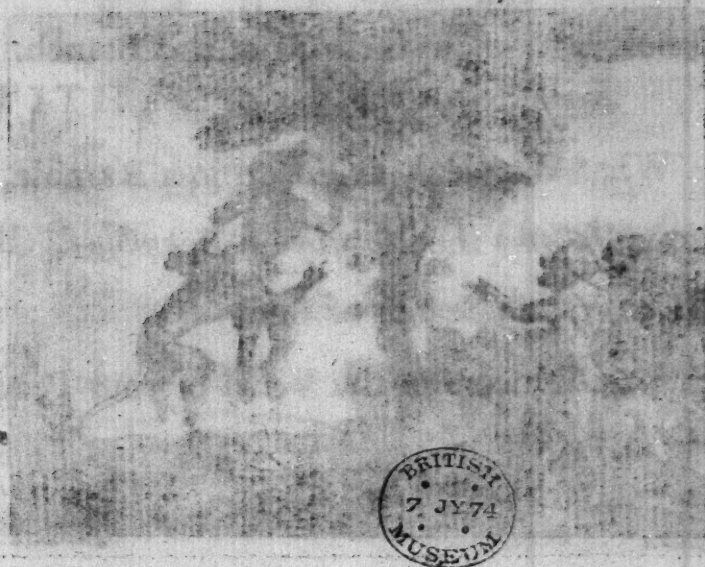
What Wonder, pick'd up in a Ramble,

Your *Jessamy* should prove a *Bramble*? 180

Credulity, in Search of Bliss,

" Puts Rancors in the Vessel of your Peace."

THE



T H E
APPLE-TREE AND THE MONKEYS.



I would not be understood to discourage that natural Modesty in the Sex, which renders a Retreat from the *first* Approaches of a Lover, both fashionable and graceful:—All that I intend is, to advise them, when they are prompted by *Reason* and Inclination, to DEMUR only out of Form, and so far as Decency requires.

ADDISON.

FAB. VI.

T H E
'APPLE-TREE and the MONKEYS.

F A B L E VI.

WITH *Scylla* there, *Charybdis* here,
Life's happy Voyager must steer

A middle Course; the Whirlpool's Thunder
May drive him on the Rocks to founder.

Too rashly trusting to the Seas,

Millions have shipwreck'd all their Ease,

And coldly cautious, Millions more,

By pressing on the faithless Shore.

Credulity's the Poet's Theme;—

But there's an opposite Extreme,

Suspicion, which destroys no less

Your Virtue and your Happiness.

The *Cat* and *Bramble* you conclude on't

Proclaim aloud;—"Ye Fair, be prudent."

52 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Yes, ever prudent ;—but from hence 15
Should you be *prudish* too, your Sense,
Your Beauty, Nature is distorted,
And our Philosophy perverted :
Those Fables aim'd not to disparage
An early, but a hasty Marriage. 20

Fortune and Form at once conspir'd
To make *Prudelia* soon admir'd;
The wealthy, virtuous, wise, polite,—
Nay, one in whom all these unite,
Offer'd his Hand ; her Friends approv'd, 25
She ask'd her Heart, and found she lov'd.
Why hesitate a Moment then
To give it to the best of Men ?
She would be woo'd, and not, unsought,
Bestow herself too soon, she thought ; 30
Decorum, Modesty require,
Or Mode some Penance from Desire..

His

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 53

His pleaded Reason long she heard,
But still her own Consent deferr'd,
Prompted by Prudery, or Pride, 35
In short, 'till poor *Eugenio*---dy'd:

Some Years were pass'd: howe'er the Maid did
(Her vernal Blossoms something faded)
Retain a kind of *Autumn* Beauty,
Which kept fresh Lovers still on Duty. 40
This but confirm'd her native Error,
And sunk her to a mere *Demurrer*.

Nor was the tedious Process o'er,
Until she verg'd on Forty-four;
Then did her mellow Honors drop, 45
Plump, without shaking, on a Fop.
The Thing which most her Soul abhorr'd
Save Celibacy's Ape-ty'd Cord.
For Authors of the Legend write,
Who Hymeneal Bands shall flight, 50

V. 4. *Demurrer*—] See the Spectator, No. 84.

For

34 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

For Penance must, to Man a Foe,
Lead Monkeys in the World below.

Prudelia, thus become a Wife,
Was led by *Her's* for Term of Life;
Joyless she liv'd, and hopeless dies, 55

No Daughter's Hand to close her Eyes,
No Son to tell a future Age,
Her Name, or speak his Parentage;
Bidding a tasteless World Adieu,
She left one Legacy to you, 60

Ye Slaves of Pride, and false Decorum,---
This Fable hung out in *Terrorem*.---

If you receive the friendly Strain,
Prudelia did not live in vain.

IN th' olden Time, when Brutes and Trees 65
Convers'd with Dignity and Ease,
A beauteous APPLE-TREE in Bloom,
Enrich'd the Zephyrs with Perfume.

The ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY. 55

The lordly Elephant, the Breed
Of Royal Lions, Stag, and Steed, 70

To her address an humble Suit

To be the Guardian of her Fruit.—

Beg'd that she'd drop one Leaf—to shew

Which was her Favourite below.

She thank'd them for their generous Care, 75

But 'twas too early to *declare* ;

She knew them all for Brutes of Honor,

And therefore could not take upon her

Th' important Mark so soon to tofs 'em :—

She said ;---and blush'd thro' every Blossom. 80

They watch'd the vegetable Maid,

'Till all her Bloom began to fade,

And then entreated she'd elect her

Own Favourite, as sworn Protector ;

For now advanc'd apace the Season, 85

When Honor's sacred Laws, and Reason

Demanded

36 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY

Demanded her Resolve, that free,
The rest might serve his several Tree.

Studious their Question to evade,
She shook the Honors of her Head ; 90
" She knew too little of Brute-kind,
" So suddenly to speak her Mind :
" Petition'd for a longer Day,
" Justly the Worth of each to weigh.
For Pride suggested, if she could 95
Detain them all, the neighbouring Wood,
Confessing her Attraction great,
Must envy, and admire her State.
The Suitors saw her Drift, and fir'd
With just Resentment, all retir'd ; 100
Left her defenceless to the Ravage
Of every Creature, tame and savage.

Next came a Tribe of *Bulls* and *Bears*,
But these her Pride at once forswears ;

With Self-applause she cast a Look 105

On the broad Mirror of a Brook,

“ And wonder’d much, She said, from whence

“ Proceeded their Impertinence.

“ This Baby-bloom, which I despise,

“ And ever shall---I see it flys ; 110

“ But all such Trifles gone and o’er,

“ She still had *golden Fruit* in Store,

“ And ne’er would throw herself away

“ On such low Animals as They.”

The Summer now was hasting by, 115

Nor did one Brute of Worth apply :

Her Blossoms dead, her Leaves turn’d yellow,

And all her Fruitage growing mellow,

Despair had seiz’d her, and supply’d

The Place of Petulance and Pride ; 120

But that a Band of MONKEYS came,

And ply’d with Flattery the Dame :—

I

She

58 *The ECONOMY of BEAUTY.*

She smil'd Applause.---They strove to grapple,
 Without more Form, the dangling Apple ;
 They leapt ;---It shook her to the Root ; 125
 Sudden, down dropp'd the wrinkled Fruit,
 Scarce hop'd for by themselves so soon,
 And plump'd upon an *Old Baboon*.
 He seiz'd that Earnest of her Charms,
 And crawl'd, slow-fumbling, to her Arms : 130
 There, squinting horrid Love, he stood
 The Guardian of her sapless Wood,
 Which once the Grace and Pride, now proves
 The Laughing-stock of all the Groves.

Accept, ye Fair, Prudelia's song, 135
 And dare not to *demur* too long.
 Such as of Leaves the Generation,
 Is Love-inspiring Youth's Duration :
 To flourish long no Art can cause 'em,—
 And Beauty's briefer than the Blossom ! 140

THE



THE
LOTTERY.



When two People of no Genius or Taſt meet together, they fill up the *Lumber* of human Life, without Beneficence towards thoſe below them, or Reſpect to thoſe above them; and lead a deſpicable, independent, and uſeleſs Life, without Senſe of the Laws of Kindneſs, Good-nature, mutual Offices, and the elegant Satisfactionſ that flow from Reaſon and Virtue.

SPECTATOR.

FAB. VII.

T H E

L O T T E R Y.

F A B L E VII.

MA N, KNOW THY SELF; the Rule was given,
If antient Bards say true, from Heaven.

Consult thy Head and Heart, and thence
Learn thine own Rank and Consequence;
Nor Sentiment, nor Science there, 5
Love's generous Reign is not thy Sphere.

Hence, ye prophane!--as well the Birth
Of Worms, that darkling mine the Earth,
May criticise fair *Iris*' Bow,
And Light's refracting Powers know:— 10
The heavy-gaited Toad pretend
Motion's true Grace to comprehend,
As *sordid* Souls, to know, or prove,
The Raptures of exalted Love.

60 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

'Tis not mere animal Defire,

15

Nor *Plato's* mild ideal Fire;

But That by This reform'd, must give

And bid connubial Transport live.

Without chaft *Delicacy* dies,

At once the Magic of the Eyes,

20

Chast Delicacy, not in You

Alone, but in your Husband's too ;

And fince She never rul'd Man's Breast,

Till Sense and Science were his Guest,

The *Coxcomb's* Flame, to state it right,

25

Is Passion, Hunger, Appetite,

And Marriage, to your Cost, will prove,

'Tis any Thing but lasting Love.

Who bear the honour'd *Husband's* Name,

Are trusted with your Peace, your Fame,

30

Your Person, Soul almost---receive

All that a Woman has to give.

Hence

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 61

Hence must their Bosoms be endu'd
With Seraph-glowing Gratitude,
Or Hymeneal Cupid soon 35
Will abdicate his joyless Throne.
But even Gratitude, we find,
Demands some Dignity of Mind---
More, all agree, than can reside
With earth-born Ignorance and Pride. 40

But when ingenuous Minds you fire,
And such your Hand and Heart require,
The sacred Trust, ye Fair, bestow,
Secure of all that's Bliss below.

Then let the million'd Merchant mourn, 45
Or titled Ignorance, forlorn,
Their slighted Love ; the Rich in Sense,
Blest with a decent Competence,
Are rich and great enough for you,
That heart-felt Happiness pursue. 50

But

62 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

But still let Delicacy guide,
O'er every Word, Look, Thought preside;
That only is, as Time will shew t'ye,
The WIFE'S *Economy of Beauty*:
Thro' every Hour of Life it gives 55
A thousand Raptures, and receives.
For Years, that spoil the Face, improve
The Mind,---sole Source of generous Love.

If these are Truth, how melancholy
The Views of Ignorance and Folly! 60

No; *Self-Conceit* in Those is plac'd
Instead of Sentiment and Taft;
And That such Confidence bestows,
As real Merit rarely knows:
Their Satisfaction springs from hence; 65
They doubt not their own Worth, or Sense.

Thus

THE ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 63

Thus Fools pretend to Wit, the Knave
To moral Dignity, the Slave
To Vice of mental Freedom boasts,
Ogles the *Minim* Beau, and toasts ; 70
Nay swart Deformity assumes
The Robe of Grace ; but each presumes,
Thro' the pert, self-applauding Crew,
His Soul prepar'd for Love and You.

Let them presume ; ye caution'd Fair, 75
Attend the Fable, and beware.

Jove made a LOTTERY ;—Heavens wide Wickets
Flew open for the Sale of Tickets :
The Prizes capital were Treasure,
Fame, Titles, Power, Peace, and Pleasure ; 80
Some mental Graces were provided,
Combin'd with These, or subdivided.

The

64 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

The Price,—a Vow, or Will alone,
 For every Son of Man had One.
Chance turn'd, and drew;—She that ne'er slumbers, 85
 Brisk *Hope*, receiv'd, and read the Numbers;
Silence, the Child of *Expectation*,
 In Person took the Beadle's Station.
 But 'twere an endless Task to tell,
 To whom the several Prizes fell; 90
 How This had Genius, That had Wealth,
 Or Titles, Beauty, Power or Health,
 Some ten, some twenty *Talents* drew,
 And some perhaps but one or two:
 Suffice it to be understood, 95
 The Greatest came to---GEORGE THE GOOD;
 'Twas *Virtuous Wisdom*, all that can
 Adorn and dignify the Man.
 Not the much-envied Powers that dwell
 In talking, but in doing well,

100

Filling

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 65

Filling Life's Offices in Youth,
By Maxims of eternal Truth.

Exalted Character !---where blend
King, Patriot, Husband, Father, Friend,
And all the Charities that here 105
Improve Existence, or endear.
Conscious of inward Greatness, He
Ne'er took an Alms of Flattery,
Or beg'd one Eulogy for State ;
Who praise HIM best must imitate : 110
He reads his History in the Eyes
Of all the Good, and all the Wise.
Conscience approves ;---'tis all we know
Of solid Happiness below.

Cry'd ENVY, is it thus, great Jove, 115
Your Impartiality you prove ?---
To give the Prize of dearest Worth
To your own Delegate on Earth ?

K

In

66 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

In Spite of Crowns to make him blest,
The First of Mortals, now the Best! 120

No, *Jove*, we see at every Glance,
This could not be the Work of *Chance*.

To please, and punish them at once,
He gave to every murmuring Dunce
Fresh Tickets, which to all supply 125

Nor Wit, nor Worth, but *Vanity*,
Rich Vanity;—they seiz'd their Lot,
And grew important on the Spot.

Self-love, or Humor, or Caprice
Gave every Fool the *Golden Fleece*. 130

Or, as in Style of Men 'twould sound,
Each had the TWENTY THOUSAND POUND.

V. 129. *Self-love, or Humor*—Humor cannot exert itself to that extravagant Degree in the Ladies, which it often does in the male Sex. For if ever any Thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it little more than an acquired Folly, or Affectation. We may call them the *weaker* Sex, but I think the true Reason is, because our Follies are stronger, and our Faults more prevailing.

CONGREVE'S Letters to *Dennis*.

Science

Science and Nature seem'd to roll
Their richest Tributes to their Soul,—
To shew their hidden Charms, and bring 135
Capacity for every Thing.

Such the *Fop's* Patent and Commission;
His Knowledge?—all by Intuition:
Hence without reading, Criticks, hence
Loud Patriots, without Worth, or Sense,
And gentle Love is every Fool's Pretence.

}
140 }
}

So Maggots o'er their native Dirt
Awhile on flimsy Pinions flirt,
Reptiles at Morn, ere Noon they fly,
And in an Hour affect the Sky. 145

Deluded by the specious Show,
Should female Innocence bestow
Her rapture-bringing Hand on those;
For Life She's fetter'd to her Foes:

68 *The* **ECONOMY of BEAUTY.**

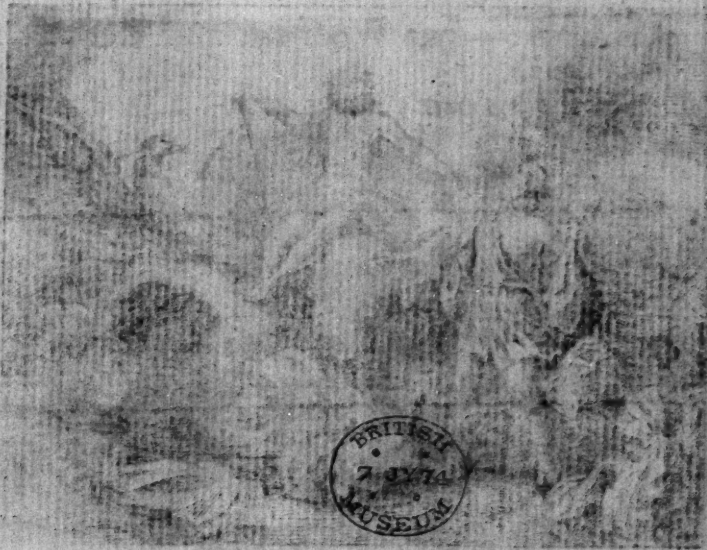
And soon shall Disappointment dart 150
Its Scorpions thro' her hopeless Heart.

'Tis hard ;---but Woes without Redrefs,
Patience alone can render less.



A WIFE

WILLIAM A. C.



OF THE ROOF OF A BEAUTY.
W I F E I N A B A G.



After this Manner do both Sexes deceive themselves, and bring Reflections and Disgrace upon the most happy, and most honourable State of Life.—Whereas if they would but correct their depraved Taste, moderate their Ambition, and place their Happiness upon *proper Objects*, we should not find Felicity in the Marriage State such a Wonder in the World as it now is.

ADDISON.

FAB. VIII.

A
WIFE IN A BAG.

F A B L E VIII.

PASSION and Prudence both her Guide,

Clelia became a raptur'd Bride ;

Her Swain had every manly Grace,

Benevolence illum'd his Face:——

Was virtuous, learned, in a Word,

By Right, as well as Rank, a Lord.

Genius of *Moore* ! whose Tales impart

True Knowledge of the Female Heart,

Could'st thou divine, with such a Spouse,

My Lady should repent her Vows ?

Alas ! *poor Yorick* !---Thou too gone !

The Task must then be all my own,

To take, for never will return ye,

Her Bosom's *Sentimental Journey*,---

Search.

70 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Search every Province of her Mind, 15
The latent Spring of Grief to find.

The *Hymenéal* Visits o'er,
Her Ladyship look'd gay no more ;
A Husband finish'd to the Nail—
Rank, Riches,—nothing could avail 20
To satisfy her Wants and Fancies ;
But wherefore ?—Why, She reads Romances.---
Fastidious, hence her Grief began
To find my Lord was but---a Man ;
Hero, or *Demigod*, a Creature, 25
Free from th' Infirmities of Nature,
Her vast Idea fills alone ;---
Nay, he must bend before her Throne,
In trembling Adoration still,
Nor dare exist, unless She will. 30
Too wise for Joy, no Soul was filtier,
A Touch, a Word, a Look familiar,

To

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 71

To Fiends of Spleen resign'd her Breast,
Dissolv'd in Grief, or broke her Rest ;
Her Whims indulg'd---he seldom speeded, 35
His Silence from Contempt proceeded ;
Hence She assum'd, to cure his flouting,
The fullen Dignity of Pouting ;
Oppos'd---She flew to tragic Ranting,
And all was Fury, Fits, and Fainting. 40

Ye sober few, who dare defy
A Circulating Library !
That Plague, which Disappointment brings,
Like Skreech-owls, borne on leathern Wings,
To damp the Joy of many a Pair, 45
Whom Nature meant for Love sincere ;
“ Not to expect, is all I know,
“ Can make you blest, or keep you so”.
Ye *Female Quixotes*, curse the Day,
When *N---ble's* Authors came in Pay ; 50

The

72 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

The *faultless Monsters* they have lifted;
Existences that ne'er existed,
Without one Line, Limb, Look or Feature,
Drawn from the Book of human Nature,
Like chattering Sprites shall haunt your Lives, 55
Whene'er you venture to be Wives.
Man---need you learn a Truth so common?
Is but a coarser Kind of Woman;
At best no more; and must, like you,
Want Pardon and Indulgence too: 60
But, if his general Life be right,
Shall trivial Faults offend your Sight?
Discover'd not by Choice, but Chance,
Seen every where, save in Romance.
The *Wife's Philosophy* is This:--- 65
Doubting her own Sense more than his,
Since from some Errors none is clear,
Those Faults to which the Flesh is Heir,

To wink at in a Husband;---try
His Virtues how to magnify : 70
Persuaded, tho' the Fates should let her
Exchange, she might not for a better ;
But, when Perfection's fought in vain,
Be glad to take her own again.
So warns, unhappy to offend, 75
Your Sex's Guardian, Lover, Friend.

But, lest our humble Precepts fail,
Here follows, by your Leave, a Tale.

INVOLV'D in mental Gloom, a SWAIN
Walk'd darkling o'er the sun-bright Plain ; 80
False Delicacy made his Mind
For earthly Blessings too refin'd ;
Foredoom'd, he dreamt himself, to know
Disgust in all things, like *Roussau*.
Chief, as he summ'd the Woes of Life, 85
He felt, or thought he felt, his Wife ;

L

Her

74 *The* **ECONOMY of BEAUTY.**

Her Faults he could not say, or sing,

No Matter—still She's not *the Thing*.

Would Fate permit to chuse again !

O Grief of Griefs !—That wish is vain.

90

Not so, quoth *Jove*, and fair and soft,

Waisted the *Murmurer* aloft,

“ You blam'd the Fates, Sir—This is their House,

“ Here, take my Warrant ; search the Warehouse ;

“ Look at those Bags. Now suit your Wishes ;

95

“ They hold not Wind, as erst *Ulysses*,

“ But Women, Sir ;---I mean, they shew

“ The Qualities of all below.

“ Nay, stand not thus a mere Beholder,

“ But lift them freely to your Shoulder ;

100

“ What most commodiously You bear,

“ And carry, without galling, there,

“ Contains her Qualities, who best

“ Of all on Earth can make you blest.”

He

He bow'd :---the pleasing Task begun, 105
 And weigh'd them, cautious, One by One ;
 'Twere vain each Essay to recite,
 This was too heavy, that too light ;
 Thousands were neither, did he need 'em,
 Might serve ; but perfect Ease and Freedom, 110
 These were his Objects. Well, at length,
 He found One suited to his Strength,
 He shoulder'd it :---“ *Heureka !---Jove,*
 It fits me neater than my Glove :
 Nor short, nor long, nor wide, nor narrow, 115
 'Tis Balfam to my Bones and Marrow ;
 In Weight exact too ; not a Hair
 Deficient, no, nor One to spare.
 Grant me, dread Sire, but such a Wife,
 And I'm completely blest for Life.” 120

“ There take her :---Now unrip the Binding,
 And let us view this lucky Finding.”

76 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

He did, and—wonderful to shew!
Out popp'd his own dear Wife below!

“Shame burn thy Cheeks, preposterous Elf! 125
Who made thee wretched, but thyself?
Alike the Fool, and fool-refin'd,
Must change, indeed, but 'tis their Mind;
Till then, be This their Mark, or Adage;
The Fault's in *Me*, and not my *Baggage*.” 130

Why laugh, Ye Fair?—The Fable's true,
Change but the Sex, of some of You!

THE
BLACK-BIRD AND THE BULL-FINCH.



THE
BLACK-BIRD AND THE BULL-FINCH.
A FABLE.
BY
THE
AUTHOR OF
"THE
WINDY
TOWER."
LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY
JOHN
JOHNSON,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
1874.

T H E
BLACK-BIRD AND THE BULL-FINCH.



————— to guard
Your tender Beauties from the blasting Taint
Of courtly Gales. The delicate, soft Tints
Of snowy Innocence, the crimson Glow
Of blushing Modesty, there all fly off,
And leave the faded Face no nobler Boast,
Than well-rang'd, lifeless Features.

ELFRIDA.

FAB. IX,

T H E
BLACK BIRD AND THE *BULL-FINCH*.

T O W N E C L O G U E

F A B L E IX.

CORINNA from the *Coterie* had flown
Two Hours at least, and press'd the feverish Down,
On Scraps of Scandal still her Fancy fed,
And *L^{ane}*'s loud Laugh re-rattled thro' her Head;
Shorne of its Infamy *Divorce* walk'd forth, 5
And *Pleasure* banish'd *Decency* from Earth,
Religion follow'd, but her Pace seem'd flow :---
Visions ! or hardly realis'd below.

Th' Au-

Th' *Aurora-Scullion* to the Hall made way,
 Unbarr'd the Shutters, and produc'd the Day ; 10
 There, in the Window, by a Curtain's Shade,
 Where all a *Ventilator's Zephyrs* play'd,
 A BLACK BIRD, and a piping BULL-FINCH hung ;
 And thus, melodious gossiping, they fung :

BULL-FINCH.

In Hall or
 Why fit we mute, while early Traders throng 15
 To hail the Morning with the Voice of Song ?
 Why fit we sad, when Lamps so fast decline,
 And, but for Fog and Smoke, the Sun would shine ?
 Hark ! the shrill *Muffin-Man* his Carol plies,
 And *Milk's* melodious Treble rends the Skies, 20
 Spar'd from the Synagogue, the *Cloathsman's* Throat,
 At measur'd Pause, attempts every Note,
 And *Chairs-to-mend* ! with all is heard to join
 Its long majestic Trill, and Harmony divine.

Your Roundelay by Nature only taught, 25
Your Voice and Manner prove you newly caught,
Guiltless of Taft, some Powers indeed you share,
Who, and whence are you? let your Song declare.

BLACK-BIRD.

Me, hapless me, this Night, from rural Shade
Some Hand conducted, or some Coach convey'd. 30
Woe worth the Day, which first *Corinna* thee
Seduc'd from peaceful Pleasures, and from me!
Blest, tho' a Captive's Fortune doom'd to try,
My Cage was all the World when she was by.
I knew no Morning but her rosy Cheek, 35
And all was Music when she deign'd to speak;
And much she spoke: her Words so soft and free,
What Warbler of the Grove but envy'd me?
Her Eyes, that watch'd my Wants, their lov'd Employ,
Those Suns, that gave me Life, and Light, and Joy, 40

Are

Are lost—*Corinna* quits her plummy Care,
 And all is Discord, Darknefs, and Despair.
 Say, gentle Friend, know you the lovely Maid?
 In Pity tell, ah! tell me where she's stray'd.

BULL-FINCH.

Corinna! yes, I know her simple Swain : 45
Cornelys sooner shall proclame in vain
 Th'approaching *Gala*; or *St. James's* Bell
 From *White's* to Prayers one losing Lord impel,
 And high-born, longing Lovers learn to spell;
 Sooner the *Beau* enflame his Eyes with Reading, 50
 Or Blushes cease to prove a Want of Breeding;
 Sooner *Heinel* shall really thank the Ninnies,
 Who let her *slip*, and *slide* away their Guineas;
 Sooner the gentle *Quaverum* forego,
 To keep the Poor from starving---*Millico*; 55
Sirman reduce her head to Nature's Plan,
 Or mincing *Macaroni* make a Man;

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 81

Than I that fashionable Name difown ;
“ Not to know her would argue me unknown.”
Ye Links ! whose Sun-shine thro’ the Midnight gleams,
Ye morning Kennels ! many-colour’d Streams ! 61
Ye *Naiads* ! listning thro’ your evening Grate ;
And thou *Salmonean* Thunder at the Gate !
If I forget, bear witness to my Shame,
Or Evening, Morn, or Night *Corinna*’s Name. 65
Her Servant I, this House her own Domain,
And consecrate it stands to *Pleasure*’s Reign.

B L A C K - B I R D .

O early lost ! for ever lov’d ! adieu,
Some other bears that Name endear’d by you.
Yes, MY *Corinna* calls no House her own, 70
All is her Lord’s, and he is her’s alone ;
I heard her vow to honour and obey,
I saw her keep her Vow from Day to Day,

M

Good

82 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Good Nature with good Sense, her Art and Guide,
 Though three Years wedded still she bloom'd a Bride, 75
 Each rich in each, had all the World could boast,
 Their sole Ambition to oblige the most ;
 Easy abroad, when forc'd abroad to roam,
 But happy only in themselves at home.

Ye Ringdoves ! Pattern of connubial Love, 8c
 And thou sweet Soother of the darkling Grove.
 Dear Philomel ! thro' all your Tribes declare
 Know you a truer, or so blest a Pair ?
 What Turtle, widow'd by the Fowler's Dart,
 Heard her poor Orphans with a softer Heart, 85
 Than she her Infant's Moan, his Wants to know,
 The Sob of Sorrow, and the Tale of Woe.

BULL-FINCH.

Some *homely* Joys once MY *Corinna* try'd,
 'Till *Fashion* laugh'd her from her Husband's Side,

Ere

Ere the *Bon-Ton* had rush'd into her Heart, 90
Or taught her Man and Wife might live apart ;
While yet she started at the *Chicheſbey*,
And *Masquerades* were thought on with diſmay.

Hail *ſacred Love of Cards* ! 'tis thine to give
Faſhion's laſt Touch, and teach the Great to live. 95
To thee we owe it that *Corinna's* Face
So ſoon rejected every vulgar Grace ;
Late Hours are thine, hence Sicklineſs in State,
And all the lovely Languor of the Great :
Hence Taſt in chuſing Cheeks and Lips is ſhewn, 100
And Nature blooms in Roſes not her own.
Genius of Play ! what Power with thee ſhall vie
To point with Paſſion every rolling Eye ?
Hope, Fear, and ſparkling Rage, a decent Train,
The modern Graces, ſpeak thy golden Reign ; 105
And theſe were her's, they to her Breſt retir'd,
And *Love's* pert Fireworks, one by one, expir'd.

84. *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

The Wife's low Duties, and the Mother's Charge,
Engage no more—She loves the World *at large*.
My Lord's Complaints—for such Complaints flow fast
From vulgar Bosoms unsubstid by Taft— 111
His rash Remonstrance, she, with patient Ear,
Took Counsel of her Card-Purse when to hear,
And oft she heard them; 'till unkindly croft,
Tho' poor Five Thousand Guineas all she lost, 115
She—let his brutal Avarice bear the Blame—
To pay her Debt of Honor, pawn'd her Fame :
A separate Maintenance she claim'd of Right,
And now *Corinna's* every Thing polite.

B L A C K - B I R D.

POLITE ! no doubt, that's happy in Extreme; 120
I envy not, but wonder at your Theme,
And thus in Darknes, Smoke and Fogs to sing,
This may be *Taft*, perhaps---*polite*---the Thing.

Foolish, I thought that *Nature's* simple Plan
 Propos'd true Blifs to Woman, Bird, and Man; 125
 And happy in my Error let me die,
 For thus *Corinna* thinks as well as I.

He spoke, he dy'd; across the Hall she came,
 And shew'd the Ruins of his former Dame,
 'Twas HIS *Corinna* too; the Sight oppress'd, 130
 With Sorrow, Shame and Rage his throbbing Breast.
 'Twas she, but ah! how chang'd, one Year had stole,
 Grace from her Cheek, and Virtue from her Soul.
Pantheon'd, Gala'd, masqu'd, Ridotto'd right,
 Night turn'd to Day, and Day of course to Night, 135
 One *fashionable* Winter, hardly o'er,
 (Believe, ye Fair! and sigh for Town no more,
 But let your native Groves, and Rivulets please)
 Pleasure had done the Business of Disease.

“ Some natural Tears she dropt, but wip’d them soon”
 And ordered *Tables* for the Afternoon. 141

So when some *Turtled* Knight has eat his last,
 Her Ladyship with decent Horror grac’d,
 Looms from the side-Box, on sweet *Shuter’s* Night,
 And hung with *Dismals* meditates Delight. 145





THE
M E R M A I D.



Beauty must suffer no Diminution by Inelegance, but every Charm must contribute to *keep* the Heart, which it contributed to *win*. Whatever would have been concealed as a Defect from the *Lover*, must, with yet greater Diligence, be concealed from the HUSBAND. The most intimate and tender Familiarity cannot, sure, be supposed to exclude *Decorum*.

HAWKESWORTH.

FAB. X.

T H E
M E R M A I D.

F A B L E X.

BLESS me, my Dear! so early down;
Your Head drefs'd, in a Morning Gown;
Your very *disbaille* I vow,
Neatness itself from Top to Toe!

Yes, Cousin, I have never varied, 5
I'm thus exact *because* I'm married;
Those honest Arts by which we gain,
Must still be practis'd to retain.

The Wife, like other Conquerors,
(Love has his Camp as well as Wars) 10
That Citadel, a Husband's Heart,
Must *keep* and *win* with equal Art;
Who sleeps on Guard, may wake to see
The Triumph of an Enemy.

88 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

A Miftrefs is a *Volunteer*, 15
 May ferve a Month, perhaps a Year,
 A mere *Cadet*---but rais'd a Wife,
 She's bound to Duty all her Life ;——
 A Post of Vigilance, 'tis true,
 But 'tis a Post of Honor too ; 20
 Nay, more in Wonder to enwrap ye,
 'Tis a Commiffion to be happy.

Corinna carelefs of her Duty,
 And no *Economift* in Beauty,
 Like fome young Heir, profufely gay, 25
 Squander'd that Stock of Charms away,
 Which manag'd by a frugal Wife,
 Had cherifh'd Love as long as Life.
 At Home, her Spirits were fo ill,
 She pouted always *difhabille*, 30
 But the next Moment name a *Party*,
 What Woman half fo brisk and hearty!

V. 23. *Corinna*—See the preceding Fable.

'Twas

The ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY. 89

'Twas then she put her *Cestus* on,
And in her brightest Radiance shone,
Would, prodigal, on Coxcombs pour 35

Such Loveliness, in half an Hour,
As beam'd in her domestic Sphere,
Had blest'd my Lord thro' all the Year.

What wonder therefore she should prove
A Bankrupt in connubial Love? 40

We know her Fault, as well as Fate,
And dreading This, must fly from That.

What ! can you Ways and Means discover
To keep the Husband still the Lover ?
To make his Choice his Duty follow ? 45
Oh speak ! and be my great *Apollo*.

Hear and attend, I boast no less——
Whate'er that Charm of Mien or Dress,
Of gentle Speech, or winning Smiles,
Or Delicacy, which beguiles 50

90 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

The wisest Hearts, or dear Good-nature,
 Or the mild, pity-soften'd Feature,
 Or Mirth, or Sanctity of Manners,
 Which brought him first to *Cupid's* Banners ;
That is thy Magic Zone, ne'er doubt it, 55
 Or risque one Interview without it ;
That shall awake, thro' Life untir'd,
 The Passion that it first inspir'd ;
 As faithless we shall seldom weep him,
 Thus tutor'd in THE WAY TO KEEP HIM. 60

NERINE, Daughter of the Main,
 The fairest of the Mermaid Train,
 Saw, as she floated near the Strand,
 A Youth in Contemplation stand,
 Whose faultless Figure, in a Trice, 65
 Around her Heart dissolv'd the Ice ;
 And set a lambent Fire in Motion,
 Unquenchable by all the Ocean.

She

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 91

She sigh'd aloud ;---a virtuous Flame
No Creature then esteem'd a shame,--- 70
Close where he walk'd pursu'd her Way,
Beneath the Crystal of the Sea ;
There told her Love, at each Emerfion,
In vain ;---for *Fish* was his Averfion.

But as the soft Drop, falling ftill, 75
Will thro' the folid Marble drill,
And melt the rough Flint by Degrees ;
So her Solitude to pleafe,
Ev'n chang'd her Nature ; now a *Scale*,
That crufted, like a Coat of Mail, 80
Her fnowy Form, and now a *Fin*
Dropt off, beneath the Waves, unfeen.
Mermaid, no more at length he found her
With every *Love*, and *Grace* around her ;
She feem'd---who faw her will aver,--- 85
Venus, or *Lady* CARPENTER ;

92 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

He claimed her for his own, and led,
With Rapture, to the Bridal Bed.

What Time she pass'd, "Reflect, my Dear,"
Thus *Pallas* whisper'd in her Ear, 90

"That unremitting Wish to charm,

"Which beautified thy Mind and Form,

"That, only That can banish quite

"The Fin and Scale from *Strephon's* Sight:

"Know once divested of that Wish 95

"The Married Mermaid's but a *Fish*.

"Be This thy Principle thro' Life;---

"Proceed, and be a blessed Wife."

Save that she oft was known to hold
Her Comb of Elephant and Gold--- 100

That frequent Washings were her Choice,

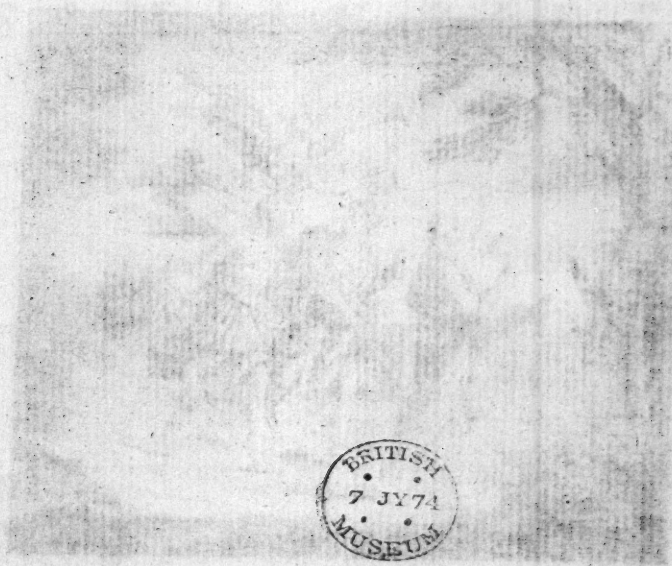
And Harmony itself her Voice;

She ne'er expos'd, by Deed or Feature,

One Vestige of her pristine Nature.

VIRTUE,

THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN
BY J. H. P. A. T. Y.



THE
FAMILY-PARTY.



Unhappy Sex! who only clame
A Being in the Breath of Fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning Gales
That sweep *Sabæa's* spicy Vales,
Nor all the healing Sweets restore,
That breathe along *Arabia's* Shore.

MORE.

FAB. XI.

VIRTUE, GENIUS AND REPUTATION;

OR, THE

FAMILY-PARTY.

FABLE XI.

THE SAGE suppos'd that VIRTUE might
Be visible to mortal Sight.

This happen'd once ; how long awhile hence---

The Records pass it o'er in silence.

But positive is each Memorial,

5

She really took a Form corporeal,

Was not too light ; nor what you'd call grave ;

But something like the Lady *Walgrave*,---

Appear'd so charming, her Relation

GENIUS, and Cousin REPUTATION,

10

V. 1. Sage—*Plato*. See *Tull. Offic.*

Provok'd.

94 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Provok'd, it seems, by her Example,

Study'd awhile *Hogarthi's* Line,

And of the human Face divine

Both took a reasonable Sample.

GENIUS like *Henley* sallied forth,

And REPUTATION---*Lady North.*

15

Their Scheme was only to bestow
Some Time with Mortals here below,
Make the *Grand Tour*, and see the World.

Think them on Board, their Sails unfurl'd,
Ploughing the Globe-surrounding Ocean,
Their Journey holding thus Discourse on :

20

Dear Girls, says GENIUS, tho' agreed,
Together we must still proceed,
Like the sweet *bandy-dandy* Graces,
And, *tout-ensemble* shew our Faces ;

25

V. 12. *Hogarthi's* Line.—Analysis of Beauty.

V. 15. *Henley*—Now the right honourable Lady *Bridget Lant.*

Yet

The ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY. 95

Yet should or Chance, or Choice divide us,
Methinks, 'twere prudent to provide us,
Some previous, general Rule to guide us. }

Well thought upon, my Dear, cry'd VIRTUE, 30
Ere disembark'd it cannot hurt you,
To settle That---Do, Cousin Rep,
Advise us to the safest Step;
You know, my Dear, with what Delight,
We always keep your Rules in Sight. 35

Why, should we part, says REPUTATION,
Perhaps some general Regulation
May hence result---Let each declare,
Ingenuously, with whom, and where,
Her Taft, she thinks, will most detain her, 40
And we shall easily regain her.
That for our Clue, we must discover,
Thro' all her Labyrinths, the Rover.

By

By *Prudence* nurs'd from early Youth,
 Thou Child of *Decency*, and *Truth* ! 45
 The wise Man's Hope, the Brave's Reward,
 The Female's Glory, Friend, and Guard !
 GENIUS reply'd ;---Hear me impart,
 The genuine Dictates of my Heart :
 Should poor eccentric I desert you, 50
 Be this the Guide to you and VIRTUE.

Wherever fun-bright Science can
 (First Friend of Liberty and Man)
 Assert her Throne, and put to flight
 The Sons of Ignorance and Night ; 55
 Where'er the Muse, at her Request,
 Shall deign to fill some hallow'd Breast,
 Give the fine Frenzy of the Soul
 From Earth to Heaven resistless roll,
 And in immortal Volumes feature 60
 The Face of Universal Nature,

And Truth eternal : wherefoe'er
Or Taft, or Judgment fhall appear,
And, with unenvious, heart-felt Guft,
Point out the *Beautiful* and *Just* ; 65
Bestow on each, with manly Spirit,
The Palm of literary Merit :
Where *Painting's* glowing Hand be found,
To spread the living Canvas round,---
Tells to the Eye heroic Lives, 70
And all the mighty Dead revives,
To plead the Cause of Truth again :
Or opens fome ideal Plain,
On which, in all their Bloom, arife
Perennial Springs of Paradife, 75
Hanging, at once, on many a Bower,
The Fruit, the Foliage, and the Flower,
Beneath whose Shade the lowing Herd
Repose, and each harmonious Bird

O

Speaks

93 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

Speaks Gratitude to *Fancy's* Ear, 80
 That feeling, we believe we hear,
 And blest, indulge the mild Deceit,
 Till *Nature* seems to fear Defeat;
 Where *Sculpture's* animated Brass,
 Or breathing Stone adorns the Place, 85
 Peopling the venerable Shrines
 With *GEORGES*, *Joves*, or *Antonines*:
 There seek for me;—midst such a Train,
 GENIUS was never sought in vain.

You'll find, says VIRTUE, to your cost, 90
 I'm not so soon regain'd when lost.
 In Towns my Favourites are but few,
 In Courts, perhaps,—but One or Two.
 I find the best (don't think me rude)
 Society in Solitude;
 I speak of Mortals; they're as shy
 Of me, as of an Enemy.

Not

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 99

Not yet convinc'd (you'll scarce believe)
Without me 'tis not Life to live.
The Man of Business, or of Pleasure, 100
Will find but little Joy or Leisure,
To entertain me—I shall fly
To Regions of Obscurity.
There with *Religion*, whom you know
My safest Partner here below, 105
Or with true *Honor*, her Relation,
May chuse perhaps some humble Station,
Sworn to no Party, Prince, or Church.—
Should this discourage your Research;
Yet know, in whatsoever State, 110
The great Man's good, the good Man great;
Where'er the Rich shall joy to dry
The Sorrow from Affliction's Eye;
Think all deserve, who want his Aid---
Bring modest Merit from the Shade--- 120

100 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

Can relish high the mental Feast—
Hope but in Blessing to be blest :
The Approbation shall regard
Of Conscience, as his best Reward ;
Where Friendship shews her generous Plan, 120
And proves the Dignity of Man ;
Where *Love* shall wave his purple Pinions
O'er happy *Hymen's* chaste Dominions,
Nor mourn the mutual Fault divulg'd,
Or Wish disloyal once indulg'd ; 125
Where Judges to their holy Trust
Are seen inexorably just,
Save that to Mercy's mild Controul
They sometimes give the melting Soul :
Where *Patriotism*—much injur'd Sound ! 130
Without Self-interest shall be found ;
Where Senates dare not to apply
The sacred Name of Liberty

To *Faction's* Aims ; where Soldiers fight
But for their King and Country's Right, 135
Content for That to bleed, or die ;
There search for me :—for there am I.

She ceas'd ;---when REPUTATION took
Her Turn ; and thus her Caution spoke.

Tho' with the best I boast my Line 140
To be of Origin divine,
That all who know, of me must speak well,
My Dignity, Importance equal
With your's, or your's ; yet I must own,
My Rules amount to this alone : 145

IF YOU EXPECT TO KEEP ME NEAR,
WATCH WITH A JEALOUS LOVER'S CARE,
NO MOMENT TRUST ME FROM YOUR SIGHT ;
FOR, IF I ONCE SHOULD TAKE MY FLIGHT,
VAIN WILL BE FOUND YOUR BEST ENDEAVOUR ; 150
I'M LOST FOR-EVER AND FOR-EVER !

Th'in-

Th'indignant Muse disdains to shew
 What their Reception here below—
 How *Genius* was a while caress'd,
 Just by a few of real Taste, 155
 But as she seldom was inclin'd
 To leave her Cousin *Rep* behind,
 And *She* sent *Virtue* still before,
 Who hardly knew a *Mattadore*---
 Nay on a *Sunday*, 'twas aver'd, 160
 They once refus'd to touch a Card---
 The Facts consider'd ; all the Three
 Were voted from the *Coterie*.
 And *Frere* had Orders to declare
 The solemn Judgment of the Chair : 165
 “ *Genius*, perhaps had *Ton* about her,
 “ But Folks might play a *Vole* without her ;
 “ *Virtue* was prudish out of Measure---
 “ A perfect Spy upon their Pleasure ;---
 “ That,

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 103

"That, by their latest Regulation, 170

"Titles might serve for Reputation ;

"For Records being search'd, they find

"She was not in the Founder's Mind :

"Hence, they conceiv'd, no Member there,

"Had ever thought her worth their Care." 175

He spoke, and bow'd :---the Bells resound,

And *Coming ! Coming Ladies !* echo'd round.

Scared at the Cry, away they flew,

And, blushing for their Sex, withdrew ;

But Scandals fresh their Souls appal, 180

"From the great Vulgar, and the Small."

At *Tunbridge* they were *awkward Twists*,

At *Bath* they pass'd for *Methodists*,

At *Bristol* Scoffs and Sneers pursue them,

Southampton---not a Creature knew them. 185

Thus ruin'd, they became so poor,

To beg, alas ! from Door to Door,

2

But

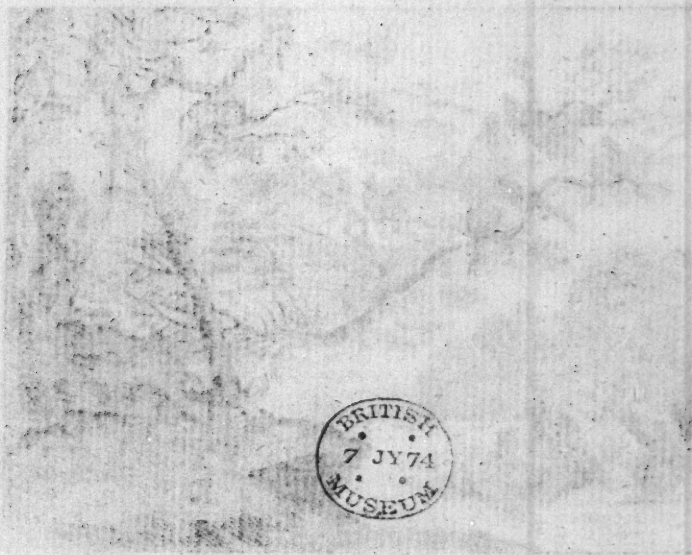
104 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

But not a Soul would let them in,
Until at *Kew* they met---THE QUEEN.
SHE knew them all, their Aim, and End, 190
For *Virtue* was HER bosom Friend;
Genius SHE led with gentle Force,
And *Reputation* came, of course,
To Court,---where all in Splendor move,
Nor once regret the Realms above. 195

No need, ye Fair, to ask about them,
HER MAJESTY ne'er stirs without them.



THE



T H E
M O C K I N G - B I R D .



Luke Milbourne was the FAIREST OF CRITICS; for having wrote
against *Mr. Dryden's Virgil*, he did him Justice, by printing, at the same
Time, his own Translation, which was intolerable.

FAB. XII.

DUNCIAD.

T H E
MOCKING-BIRD.

F A B L E XII.

WITHIN her Parlour's secret Bound,
(A chosen Band of Friends around)

Thus *Sappho* wail'd her absent Lord,
Symphonious with her Harpsichord :---
Love bade her write, while War's Alarms
Detain'd him from her widow'd Arms.

5

I.

As mourns to every Wind,
The Bird of peerless Song,
When some unpitying Hind
Hath ta'en her callow Young ;

10

P

So

106 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

So I from Morn to Eve,
From Eve to dewy Morn,
Have taught the Woods to grieve,
And sigh for your Return.

II.

The straw-built Cot, the Bower 15
Beneath perfuming Trees,
The Grove hath lost its Power,
Now thou art gone, to please.
The Linnet and the Thrush---
Why would my *Phaon* go ?--- 20
That sung from every Bush,
Sit hush'd in silent Woe.

III.

The fragrant Jasmine Shade,
The Woodbind ever gay,
The Rose appear'd to fade, 25
When *Phaon* went away :

The

The Pink of liveliest Red,
That breath'd its Sweets for thee,
Hung down its languid Head,
Turn'd pale, and mourn'd, like me. 30

IV.

Illume this darkling Cell,
Our wonted Joys restore ;
Ah ! deign with us to dwell,
And Heaven can give no more.
Come, seek thy mourning Bride, 35
'Mid Nature's rural Track,
If *Love* be not thy Guide,
Let *Pity* bring thee back !

" *Let Pity bring thee back !*"---pray, let it !
Left *Sappho* rhyme again, and set it. 40

(The Visit done, 'twas thus a Prude,
Critic profess'd, her Song review'd)

108 *The* ECONOMY *of* BEAUTY.

“ What wretched Stuff! poor, doating Toad!

’Tis really worse than *Cibber’s* Ode.

Whene’er in Verse that Creature wails,

Be sure to hear of Nightingales;

And then the Lillies hang their Head,

The Roses too, forsooth, must fade:—

Don’t you perceive a wonderous Hint here?

Oh strange!--that Flowers should fade in Winter. 50

Where were the purling Streams and Fountains,

The sighing Gales, and mourning Mountains?

How came they to escape?---Ye Gods,

What Havock make our modern Odes

Among your Works!---If this be writing, 55

My Ears be deaf to their reciting.

Good-Nature, Candour,---such the Names,

Which Ignorance at present clames,---

Will palliate all.---But if true Taft

Has abdicated every Breast, 60

And

And Dulness rules the World; one Line
That World shall never see of mine."

What, Madam, have you never shewn
A single Stanza of your own,
A Critic thus expert and able? 65
Pray, read one Poem more---A FABLE.

In that new Clime, whose honor'd Name
Records a Virgin Monarch's Fame,
The feather'd Poets of the Spray
Were chaunting forth their heaven-taught Lay; 70
When lo! the mighty MOCKING-BIRD
In sullen Majesty appear'd.
Nature had never blest'd his Throat
With one original, free Note;
But all he said, and all he sung, 75
Was echoed from another's Tongue:

V. 67. *New Clime*—Virginia.

Envy had taught him quick discerning,
 And *Ridicule* was all his Learning.
 The Song of meaner Birds was free,
 He spared the *Wren*, as Critics me; 80
 But Excellence supreme was sure
 His venom'd Tauntings to endure;
 Merit of every kind his Mark——
 Beware the Linnet, Thrush and Lark !

In short, no *Garrick* of the Grove 85
 Presum'd to look, to sing, or move,
 But straight you heard the gibing Scoff;---
 The MOCKING-BIRD had *took him off* !
 A squeaking, squalling, squinting Creature,
 The *Zany*, or *Tom-fool* of Nature, 90
 An outlaw'd Reputation-stealer,
 A wholesale, and a retail Dealer
 In vile Buffoonery, Winks and Nods,
 That set the feather'd World at odds;---

Yet

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. III

Yet pleasing all, who Spite admit 95
For Sense, and Impudence for Wit :
He'd serv'd Apprenticeship, I trow,
To *Messieurs* K****, F*** and Co.

Soft Philomel, at Fall of Day,
Still sung her Elegy, like Gray, 100
And pour'd, as He, the warbled Moan,
In Notes *Apollo's* self might own.
The Mocker listen'd ;---caught the Strain,
And echo'd every Note again.
The liquid Swell, the dying Fall, 105
He soon converted to a Squall ;
Next the full Shake he chose to sing :---
'Twas flat, chromatic Quavering.
No Song, in short, escap'd his Throat,
His Voice burlesquing every Note ; 110
The Language of the melting Soul
He made a Kind of Maudlin Howl ;

The

112 *The* ECONOMY of BEAUTY.

The Tone of Joy was downright Screaming,
Spoil'd both of Music, and of Meaning.

At length, deputed by the rest, 115
One braver Bard the Sage address'd :
“ Dread Sir, the happiest of us all
Does far beneath Perfection fall,
We know, and own ; our *Faults* to hit,
Asks, therefore, little Sense or Wit ; 120
Quote but a Nightingale by Pieces,
He seems---just what the Critic pleases.
One Rule of Our's I'm charg'd to mention,
To which we humbly crave Attention :

In *Truth* and *Virtue's* sacred Cause 125
Who sings his best, may hope Applause,
Pardon, at least, his Right may call,
From Those who never sung at all.
Admit his Descant hardly rose
Above the Pitch of humble Prose, 130

If

The ECONOMY of BEAUTY. 113

If fair the Motives that impel,
There's Merit in attempting well;
And tho' his Flowers are but a Weed,
Th' *Intent* with us embalms the Deed.

Suppose, like me, he pour'd the Lay, } 135
T'improve the *Females* of the Spray, }
Nor dreamt of Fame, nor thought of Pay; }
But smitten with a Zeal of Fire,
To make them all your Souls admire,
Fair, wise, and good, as Heaven design'd, } 140
The Grace and Blessing of your Kind;---
The Spirit good, e'en spare the Letter,
Indulge the Song, or sing a better,
Left some mistake the Critic's Pleasure,
And slight the *Moral*, with the Measure. } 145

Who treats another's Skill with Loathing,
In what himself exhibits Nothing,

Q

Whate'er

114 *The* **ECONOMY of BEAUTY.**

Whate'er the Study, Art or Science—

Bids Equity and Shame Defiance.

A Title would you fairly clame
Our Songs to mangle and defame,
Publish yourself, and write your Name.” } 150



THE END.

